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Nature and England

By FRANK M. CHAPMAN
With Photographs by the Author

THE Red Cross mission which has claimed my service for the past eight months, brought me, this past May, to London. England was still returning from the war. The steamer on which I crossed the Channel was crowded with homeward-bound troops; men and women in uniform formed a large proportion of the street population. For years all their energy and practically every activity of their nation had been directly or indirectly devoted toward the winning of the conflict which threatened the freedom of their country. There had been no relaxation in the severity of the struggle; no rest period between campaigns; the war had been one continuous battle. Now, for the first May in five years, England was at peace and her people were free to gratify their desire for recreation without fear of air-raid, or of submarine disaster, and without anxiety for the safety of those at the front.

With no thought whatever of giving even casual attention to the subject, it required only three or four days, including a Saturday and Sunday, to impress upon my mind a vivid picture of a war-weary nation finding its sources of rest, refreshment, and pleasure out-of-doors. Scores were tilling their garden plots. The Thames was alive with punts, rowboats, canoes, and shells; the gardens at Hampton Court and the spacious grounds at Kew were thronged with people who were evidently deriving keen enjoyment from the beauty of their surroundings and from the opportunity they offered for close contact with nature. Hundreds of people strolled slowly over the velvet lawns as though loath to miss a breath of the fragrance of spring or a note from the songs of Chaffinch, Thrush, and Blackbird. Hundreds more were seated beneath the trees or stretched upon the turf in complete abandonment to the sweet and peaceful influences of a sunlit May day. One heard no shouting, no loud talking, no boisterousness; even the most devout nature worshiper could find here no apparent lack of reverence for his temple or his gods.

On a nearby common were rows of occupied tennis-courts and croquet lawns; a small army held the cricket-fields and golf clubs and polo mallets

marked those who were bound for the links or polo-field. Space in the daily press, which in the preceding May was given to ghastly reports of death and destruction, to stories of heroism under fire, was now occupied by cricket, golf, and tennis scores, to praise of the batsman who had made a 'century.' Already the dealers reported that their supplies of racquets, bats, and golf clubs were becoming exhausted and players were urged to "freshen up old stock." But it was not alone his inherent love of sport that called the Briton out-of-doors; nor was it only the sportsman to whom the press appealed. In spite of the demands of world news, the leading London daily found room for a column in praise of the Nightingale's song, the outpouring of a heart which had been stimulated to fervent expression by this most famous of feathered minstrels; while not an issue of this paper was without a tribute to bird, blossom, or season from the pen of some follower of White and Jefferies.

Sunday morning, May 18, I went with a nature-loving companion 30 miles by train to a thinly populated region where extensive commons of field and woodland, hill and dale offered opportunity to renew acquaintance with the common British birds. The season, so far as one could judge from the vegetation, appeared to be about as far advanced as, in normal years, it is about New York City on that date. Apple trees were still in luxuriant bloom; horse-chestnuts, which are so much more abundant in England than in America, were in full blossom; hawthorne was spreading its snowy lines along the pathways and roadside; dry sunny hillsides were yellow with gorse; and in shady places the ground was purple with wild hyacinth. The outlook on every side suggested complete accord between man and his environment. Nature seemed his willing ally in grainfield, pasture, woodland, or garden. And all this charming, friendly landscape found its voice in the songs of birds. Chaffinches expressed its good cheer; Song Thrushes its content; Blackbirds its peace; young Rooks, calling lustily from their nests, its domesticity. The mellow *coo* of Wood Pigeons spoke eloquently of that harmony between human life and bird-life, which permits the existence in numbers in thickly settled places of this fine bird, and emphasized, by contrast of results, our treatment of the Passenger Pigeon. The Moor-hen, essentially like our Florida Gallinule, which we saw on the margin of a small stream, and which one may count on finding in every reed-grown pool in England, further illustrates in its abundance how much more powerful than law is sentiment.

Swallows and Martins, Jackdaws and Starlings made their homes about those of man; there were Robins and Accentors in the hedgerows; Jays, Warblers, Titmice and Nuthatches in the woods.

Lying beneath a hilltop yew we looked out from under its low-spreading branches over a scene where one's every concept of pastoral England found its counterpart. The tolling bells from the church in the village below were echoed in the notes of the Cuckoo calling from the far-distant somewhere, and as a Skylark, mounting heavenward, showered the earth with its ecstatic notes,

I experienced that "serene exaltation of spirit" of which Burroughs long ago wrote on listening to the hymn of the Hermit Thrush.

If, in coming thus far to a comparatively unsettled locality, we had thought to enjoy these enchantments undisturbed, we were not long in discovering that there were others who evidently shared our desire for solitude. The motorists who passed us on the highway, bound for parts unknown, at a speed which forbade attention to much of anything besides the effort to retain their head-gear, were not of our kin; but the cyclists who, pedaling along slowly, had



UNDER THE OAKS AT SELBORNE

time to enjoy the beauties of the wayside, or who left their wheels here and there to enter field and wood in search of flowers or birds, were not riding for exercise alone; and the pedestrians we encountered were evidently desirous of closer contact with Mother Earth than can be had in an automobile. They passed us in such increasing numbers that we sought the quiet of a lane branching from the main road, but, as the morning wore on, this, too, became populous. The further we went afield, the more people we found before us. Every path had its strollers; from the densest copse one heard voices; and by noontide the open fields were thickly dotted with outers.

Some had plant-boxes, some bird-glasses, a few butterfly nets, while by far the larger number carried merely their luncheon; but whatever was the special

object that had called them afield, it was clear that all alike shared the common desire to be out-of-doors. Here was no question of sport; there were no cricket-fields or tennis-courts, nor any attractions other than those offered by nature itself. It was evident, too, that most of these people had not come from the immediately adjacent neighborhood, but from varying distances. They were not merely casual strollers, but were taking a definitely planned outing. And nowhere did I see the disgusting litter which too often in this country marks the lunching-place of 'picknickers' who show their respect for their surroundings by treating them as they would a garbage-dump.

To the impression created by the thousands seen in the parks of London the preceding afternoon was added, therefore, this view of a rural population taking its holiday out-of-doors, and the two experiences combined etched more deeply the lines of the picture of a nation which, in a hundred different ways, was realizing upon its assets in nature. For more than four years it had given unsparingly and effectively of its forces in the world war; now it renewed its strength in those cleansing, purifying influences which, however they may be exerted, find their best expression in fresh air, blue sky, and sparkling water, the majesty of trees, the fragrance of flowers, and the songs of birds. These are the potential heritage of both poor and rich, and the nation which avails itself of these priceless resources need have no fear of the materialistic influences which today darken the horizon of some parts of the world.



THE BEECHES IN THE NEW FOREST

A Pocket Sanctuary

By FAYE RANDLE, Portland, Ore.

"A GARDEN is a lovesome thing," as the old song tells us truly, and though the owner of that formal garden, "Rose plot, fringed pool, ferned grot," might deny the title to the one we had, there was never a more lovesome thing nor one better loved.

A garden of weeds in a ravine does not require seasons of labor nor a knowledge of landscape gardening. The procedure is simple. First, buy or rent your ravine. That is the most difficult task, as it must be a proper ravine, with the brook that made it still flowing through the bottom of it. The one we rented, along with an acre or so of pine woodland and a small brown bungalow, boasted a brook that was all of 3 feet wide, in the widest places, at certain times. The next indispensable thing is a fence to keep out cattle and horses. Our ravine had been pastured for years, and showed it. Barbed wire was cheap, effective, and prompt, so we used it; but if I were getting what I wanted, and hoped to keep, I would choose rail-fences. After you have got your ravine and fenced it off, take a big basket and go gleaning. You will fill it many times with papers, rags, wire, bottles, broken dishes, tin cans, leaky kettles, bottomless pans, and spoutless coffee-pots. Eleven people out of every dozen look upon a ravine, or any sort of hollow in the ground, simply as a most convenient dumping-spot. Break the dead limbs out of the bushes and small trees. Rake the accumulated trash out of the bed of the brook. Tidy the place up a little, but not too much; and then watch it and love it. You will see marvelous things.

Even by June 2, our wild garden, set in the midst of the closely cultivated and pastured Palouse lands, was beautiful to see. By June 3, it was a climbing, sprawling, riotous, pink tangle of wild roses, wild geraniums, and wild peas. A closer look showed that the prevailing pink was underlaid and streaked with gold. There were more than a dozen kinds of yellow flowers in June alone. The sweetest of these golden blossoms, the fragrant buttercups, came in March, and the latest arrivals, the goldenrod, lingered in damp, shady spots until October. There were spring violets and autumn asters, the white radiance of the service-berry blooms, the delicate lavender of the tiny flowers of the brook mint, the dusky blue of larkspur. If this were a story of the flowers of our wild garden I could tell you more—much more.

Out of the buck brush on the slope pops a frowsy Fox Sparrow. He looks as if he had just crawled out of bed; his hair is so tousled, his clothes so mussed. The small frogs sit in the edges of the upper spring and sing lustily. Tiny blue moths flutter above the cowslips. A cotton-tail races up the hill and dives into a brush-pile. A chipmunk runs along his highway through the tops of the smaller pines. Later on, when the service-berries are ripe, he will share them with the Catbirds. If there are a great plenty, we may even get some of the berries ourselves.

The Catbirds were the only residents who disputed my equal rights in the ravine. The others may have thought a good deal, but they never said anything. They either avoided me, or ignored me, or tolerated me. The Catbirds would do none of those things. They were especially ferocious when I chose the stump-seat among the service-berry bushes. The fact that I was usually armed with 'Walden' did not appease them a particle, although I am unalterably persuaded that it should have done so. There might be a moment's peace, then *wo-ow, wo-ow, wo-ow!* here they came, sometimes both, sometimes only one. Inquisitively they tipped their heads and eyed me boldly. Indignantly they jerked their tails, showing the reddish patch beneath. Incessantly they flitted from bush to bush, just out of reach, yelling at me every few moments: *wo-ow, wo-ow, wo-ow!* I forgave them later on, when I found out where the nest had been hidden. I could almost have reached it from where I sat. The next summer, luckily for the nerves of all concerned, the Catbirds built beyond the bridge; and though they still scolded me once in awhile, they had to make a special trip to do it and it was not such a convincing performance.

They would have been much improved if they could have taken a few lessons in good manners from the Black-headed Grosbeaks who built that year in the bushes on the other side of the stump-seat. In the matter of architecture, it is about six of one and half a dozen of the other, but the Grosbeaks are much more agreeable neighbors. The down from the willows was lying thickly on the ground and clinging to the bushes when the Grosbeak nestlings broke through the shells. I had to look twice and see those gaping mouths open wide before I realized that three tiny birds filled the nest, and not willow fluff. I never saw the youngsters after they grew big enough to move around a little. The Grosbeaks were as shy as they were quiet; and they hid the little ones so skilfully in the thicket that finding them would have created more disturbance than I cared to make.

Better luck attended my acquaintance with a Flycatcher family. One summer afternoon I was at leisure to sit still long enough to satisfy the bird proprieties. The flowers, the bees, and the butterflies keep right on about their usual affairs under any amount of restless curiosity, but the birds have more reserve. The sun was rather too warm for comfort on the stump, so I sat at the foot of one of the twin pines that stood in the ravine and reached a long way towards the clouds. A clump of willow, service-berry, and wild rose bushes cast a welcome shade. The brook trickled through the bushes and around the roots of the big pine. I did not have the least idea that there were nestlings in the thicket; but when a dainty, Quaker-gray bird, with a slightly raised crest, lit on a willow branch above my head, then popped into the rose bushes, I rolled my eyes and craned my neck in that direction immediately. I have never felt free to take the liberties with birds and their families that some people take. Usually, I do no more than sit tight and hope they won't mind if I stare. This pair of Wright's Flycatchers proved very amiable. They

trusted me to such an extent that they even fed the little ones where I could watch them, after they were out of the nest. They were careful, however, to keep each one in a separate place.

A few days after the Flycatchers had left their summer home, a family of Chickadees came visiting. I was sitting in the same shady spot, feeling rather pensive over the empty nest, when I heard the sweetest, silveriest song over my head: *dee-dee-dee-dee*. I looked up cautiously and there was the jolliest family that ever went on a vacation after a hard summer's work. The five youngsters were able to hunt bugs for themselves, and did so, very busily and happily, but the father and the mother of the family could not break themselves of their old habits very easily. Every little while they flew to one or the other of the youngsters with an extra juicy morsel. It was no wonder the little fellows were so fat. They stayed nearly an hour, and I never enjoyed afternoon callers more in my life.

The Doves usually did their visiting mornings, but they were welcome for all that. Morning after morning, in June, their sweet, trembling notes floated down from the upper branches of the twin pines as softly as the snowflakes in January floated down from the clouds not so very much higher. And like the snowflakes, the Dove notes, one upon another, filled the cup of the ravine until it was running over with beauty.

It was upon a June morning, also, that I first saw our Lazuli Bunting neighbor. One learns to hope for unexpected things in a wild ravine garden on a June morning; but when, my feet deep in wet clover, stepping carefully along the narrow path, trying to keep from brushing the dew off the wild pea vines, stooping low under the willows to save myself a shower-bath, I straightened up and saw before me this gorgeous little bird, the thrill of discovery was as enjoyable as if I had found a specimen new to science. In a moment I saw his mate. She was very soberly dressed, in comparison with the gentleman's fine trappings. That was her only public appearance, but she found shelter and raised her family somewhere in or near our pocket sanctuary I am sure, for nothing else would have kept the dandy hanging around one spot so long. He warbled a little, occasionally, but he was not a fine singer, though he had fine feathers and was a fine bird.

The sweetest bird-song I ever heard in the ravine, or, indeed, anywhere else, was accompanied with the prettiest performance; and it came from the pulsating throat and loving heart of a very plain-feathered bird—the Rusty Song Sparrow. On a spring day I stole, as quietly as possible, down the path that led from the kitchen door. Birds were often bathing or drinking in the pools near the foot of the path, where the brook tumbled over the bare roots of an old stump. Once, at my approach, a bevy of Quail flew up with a whirl of beating wings. This morning, half-way down the path, I stopped suddenly, hearing an unfamiliar song. A moment more and the musician came into view, out of the overhanging bushes, into an open space along the brook. He was a

small brown bird; and so intent was he upon his song that he never saw me at all. As for his dear love, she had neither eyes nor ears for anyone but her sweet singer. He hopped backward before her, pouring out a continual, wonderful melody. She followed, closely, silently. So they passed into the wild rose thicket, out of sight, and gradually out of hearing.

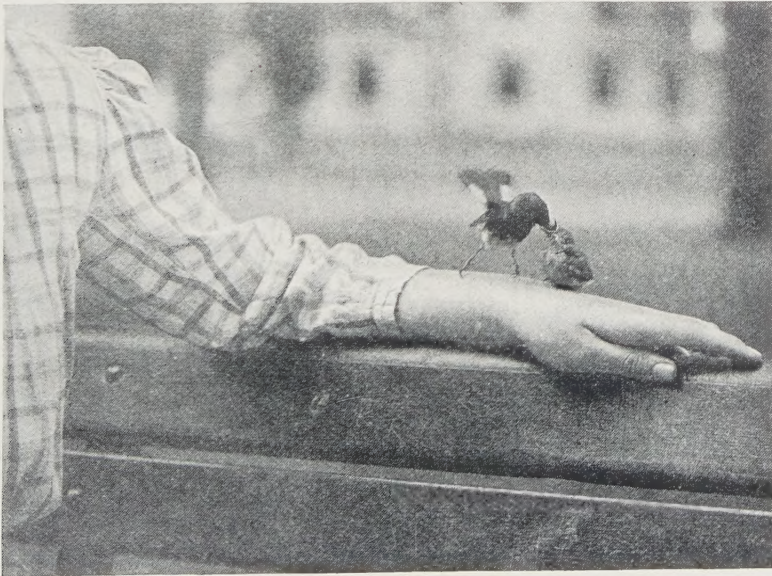
Swallows often came and looped the loop under and over the bridge that crossed the ravine just at the edge of our domain. Robins built as readily in the twin pines as in orchard trees. One pair of Robins raised a brood on a beam under the bridge. The next year a pair foolishly built on a protruding beam, and a cat soon left the feathers of the brooding mother in a pathetic little heap. Young Robins with spotted breasts fluttered in the buck brush on the slopes, and many Robins from the neighborhood resorted to our sanctuary brook for drinks and baths, although the Palouse River was within sight and even within hearing.

We tempted the Mountain Bluebirds to build in the ravine by nailing a box in a tree on the slope, where we could see it from our windows. To our great delight they took the box, and four broods were raised there in two summers. It turned out, however, that this location was only second choice. A rather dilapidated old house in the neighborhood was first choice, when it was not otherwise occupied. The Mountain Bluebirds are as exquisitely, as enchantingly blue as an October sky. They are not the gentlest of birds, however. Ours were inclined to dispute possession of the Wrens' houses with their proper tenants, even after they had proved to themselves, by repeated trials, that the Wrens' doors were too small. The Wrens visited garden, orchard, field, and ravine at their own sweet will. The Chipping Sparrows, with their jaunty little caps of cinnamon-red, were companions in friendliness and usefulness to the Wrens. They came and went to and from their nests in the smaller pines quite openly. The Juncos, nesting on the ground, were naturally much shyer. They are the most trusting of birds at other times, and the flash of their white petticoats from beneath their gray cloaks could be seen in the wild garden on almost any day the whole year round; but they were very careful not to betray their homes. After the youngsters could help themselves a little, they were not so cautious. It was amusing to watch a row of little black-hooded heads pop up above the top of my old stump-seat every time either one of the parent birds flew past me down the hill.

The twin pines lured many visitors besides the Doves. The Meadowlarks delighted to stand on their topmost twigs and pour out their high, sweet, varied melodies. Magpies were both seen and heard there, occasionally. Brewer's Blackbirds chose those trees for their convention hall in the autumn. When the first brown needles began to sift down through their branches, the Nuthatches returned from the mountains and walked upside down all over them, breaking off small bits of bark and dropping them into my eyes, quite carelessly and cheerfully.

Those two big trees were great favorites with the Red-shafted Flickers. Their beautifully engraved trunks were pitted all over with holes that showed where borers had vainly tried to hide their wicked heads. Often, in the summer, I felt the fanning of the wide-spread wings as a Flicker family dashed by. Often, in the winter, the fire-red wings against the snow were at once a challenge and a promise. One winter day I stood between the twin pines, beside the frozen brook. There was a rush of flame; then, like a torch blown out by the wind, a Flicker landed at the base of the nearer tree and began to circle it in ascending spirals. Only two small sparks glowed among his dull feathers, to show the flame was still burning. Over the bridge, singing in notes that chimed like tiny silver bells, fluttered a flock of Chickadees. They swooped down upon the box-elder tree and the slender, bare branches swayed with their activities as if a light wind were blowing. Nothing else moved in the frozen ravine except the Flicker on the pine tree trunk. A soft, cold touch brushed my face, and in a moment there seemed nothing else in the world but motion, as the Christmas snowstorm came whirling from the clouds. I huddled up against the big pine, but after awhile, because the Flicker and the Chickadees had gone away, it was too lonesome down there. As I started to climb out of the ravine I counted up on my fingers:

"The rest of December doesn't matter, because it's Christmas; so there's January, February—that's a short month anyhow—then March! And the buttercups, and Robins, and maybe—maybe—the first Meadowlarks."



A FRIENDLY REDSTART

Photographed by H. W. Osgood, Pittsfield, N. H.



AN ATTRACTIVE BIRD-BATH AT THE HOME OF SADIE E. WILCOX MENDOTA, ILL

Nip, the Young Sparrow Hawk

By KATE P. and E. W. VIETOR, Brooklyn, N. Y.

DURING the first days of April, 1916, a Sparrow Hawk appeared in our neighborhood, a closely built-up section of Brooklyn, N. Y. His *killy-killy* was often the first sound we heard in the morning, and a high church-steeple was his favorite perch.

On the 13th of the month there were two Sparrow Hawks about, and on the 16th one was seen entering a broken cornice on a house in the next street. This situation was rejected, however, and we never discovered the real nesting-site, but we knew it must be nearby, and several times during May (though the 13th was the only date we noted) we saw a parent bird carry off a fledgling from a colony of English Sparrows' nests in a vine on a house at the rear of our yard.

On July 16 a lady brought us a young Sparrow Hawk which she had found on her doorstep in a nearby street. Excepting for his tail, which was only 3 inches long, he looked fully grown. He was wild and sullen and defiant; drawing himself back as if to strike, he fiercely nipped our hand though his mandibles were too soft to be formidable.

It was Sunday, and there was no raw meat to be had, so we tried to feed him with the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, but though it was easy to put it on his tongue, for his bill was constantly distended, he would not swallow, so we put him under a peach-basket and left him in a darkened room. Peeping through the cracks a little later, we saw him lying on his side, with legs drawn up, and supposed him to be dying, but the next time we looked he was sitting up.

Toward evening we took him out, and, holding him firmly, dropped water from a spoon into his open bill. To our delight he swallowed it eagerly. In this way we managed to wash down a little of the egg-yolk. A berry-crate was substituted for the peach-basket, and he was left alone for the night.

More than half expecting to find him dead, we hurried down next morning, but he was alive and lively. We procured some beef, cut it in bits, and, holding him as before, offered him a bit. He ate it greedily, bit by bit, and as he ate he became docile. We put him back in his improvised cage, but he had tasted freedom, and, fortified with the good beef, soon found his way out and established himself on top of the crate where he sat, quiet and contented, the most of the day. Toward evening he sprang about a foot to a shelf in the extension which had been given up to him, where he sat on a box the second night.

He was now so tame that he would sit on our hand, and although he showed a great aversion to being held, or to having his head touched, he did not object to being fondled, and showed much pleasure in having his back stroked, raising it under the hand, like a cat.

On the third day he adopted a perch, the highest the extension afforded, but often turned his head on one side as though looking for a higher one. Al-

though he would sit for hours at a time on the perch, he would leave it readily if a finger were offered instead, and invited attention by cocking his head on one side and opening his bill; raise a finger and he would nip it gently, and once he climbed on a shoulder and nipped an ear. Altogether one could not wish for a dearer or more interesting pet than was Nip during this time. Indeed so gentle and friendly did he seem, that we had visions of a semi-domesticated Sparrow Hawk who would make our neighborhood his home and keep it free of English Sparrows.



'NIP,' THE TAME SPARROW HAWK
Photographed by Dr. E. W. Viator

Then he was so pretty, with his crown of rufous, tipped with gray, giving a changeable effect; his soft buffy throat and cheeks of the same hue, outlined by black lines; his buffy underparts, streaked with brown on the breast; and his barred back and tail; but the 'eyes' on the inner web of the primaries which in the folded wing formed bars, were the most wonderful thing about his coloring.

After the first day, when he fed many times, he never ate over an ounce of beef a day. We fed him about 8 o'clock in the morning and 5 in the afternoon. He always made a good breakfast, but sometimes refused supper altogether. He showed a decided preference for very fresh meat. He ate daintily and never gourmandized. He

seemed to like water but not to know how to drink; so we sometimes dipped his meat in water. He would not bathe.

On the fourth day he made his first flight, a distance of about 6 feet, and repeated it several times. Toward evening, being taken to the yard, he flew to the fence, and then across the next yard, but readily submitted to capture. Two days later, the door having been left open, he flew to a line in the kitchen, and from that to the top of an open door, the highest in the room. Taken back to his quarters and the door shut, he flew against it so persistently that he ruffled his tail. Later, when he had achieved liberty, this ruffled tail served as a mark of identification. Fearing that he might injure himself severely, we opened the door, when he immediately repeated his flight, first to the line, and

then to the top of the high door, and for the remainder of his stay with us, this was his perch. During the day, he kept to the outside, but as evening approached, he settled near the wall. We never caught him napping; steal down stairs ever so quietly after dusk had fallen, we always found him awake and alert.

During this time, his tail grew a full inch and he began to show signs of restlessness. It was plain that he wanted more space, so, on the morning of July 25, nine days after he came into our possession, we took him to the roof, hoping that we could feed him there until he was able to care for himself.

From the vantage-ground of a chimney, Nip looked at the great world beneath and the great sky above, where even then his parents were sailing, and a wonderful change came over him. For a moment he stood poised with outspread wings, in true Hawk fashion, and we who had been so necessary to his existence and had flattered ourselves that he had repaid us in affection, realized that we were no longer either necessary or desirable to him. The wild nature reasserted itself, and a barrier, intangible but very real, was drawn between us and him. Sadly we left him and went down to the humdrum of civilized life.

An hour later, from the street, we saw him launch forth into the world. Slowly, but straight, he flew over a tree and out of sight, and we thought never to see him again, but, lo, next morning, he was perched on a neighboring chimney, and a series of insistent insect-like notes was traced to him and found to be his hunger-cry, for soon one of the old birds brought breakfast. And for three weeks after his liberation, the following program was daily carried out. Between 9 and 10 o'clock we would hear a clamor from the English Sparrows, and, on looking out, would see Nip on some chimney or coping and hear his hunger-cry. After a time, sometimes soon, an old bird would dash into view, quickly give Nip the quarry, and then from some chimney or the steeple, keep guard while he regaled himself. Usually he was fed again about 5 in the afternoon, but sometimes, either for the sake of discipline or from ill-luck in hunting, he went to bed supperless. We could not often see what the prey was, but once we distinctly saw that it was a full-grown Sparrow.

The last time we saw him fed was on August 13, when, from the screaming of the poor victim, we knew he had been entrusted with a live bird. Next day Nip sat and called a long time but no parent appeared, and we concluded that he had been thrown on his own resources. We never saw him perch on a chimney again, but until well into December, we occasionally got a glimpse of a Sparrow Hawk flying over the roofs and we noticed a decrease in the number of Sparrow pests.



AN OVENBIRD AND ITS NEST
Photographed by H. E. Tuttle

The Night Warbler

By H. E. TUTTLE, Lake Forest, Ill.

“**R**ARELY, rarely comest thou, spirit of delight,” so may we excuse the Oven-bird his oft-repeated daylight roundelay, for his songs of the noon hour are but jingling alliterations beside the floods of ecstasy that he pours forth above the tree-tops in the dark of night. How should he consent to vain repetitions, like the Pharisee, that had sent his song athwart the heavens in wild lyrics of unearthly joy? For “he was taught in Paradise to ease his breast of melodies,” and needs but some dream-sent quickening power to yield increase.

When the starlit nights are warm with the promise of June, then may you hear the first glad upward rush of that far-flung torrent of poetry. Mounting with hurried gladness, as if he feared some surcease of delight, he gains the open sky, spilling the gay notes earthward in his wake, like the tumbling drops of a mountain waterfall. While the last burst of warbled rapture haunts the still air of night, he has sheered into a swift descent, with perhaps a murmured snatch of the refrain, uttered regretfully, as if Lethe had overtaken the singer and hushed the gay chords whilst yet they trembled from his heart.

But with the dawn of day he is again the demure and mincing walker of the forest trails, forgetful of, or choosing to ignore, his midnight revelries. The spell that was on him has been withdrawn, and he returns to the workaday world, like Cinderella to her ashes. He sings with vigorous gaiety, till the woods ring with his song, but neither the words nor the measure is the same: it is a gay song, but it wants art; there is not in it the careless rapture of his moonlit flights. Sometimes, even when the sun is high, he falls into a reverie, perched on a horizontal bough above the glade, then, rarely, and but for a moment, as if in a day-dream, the lyric gift is restored. He darts from his perch like a mad thing, and whips through the woods with incredible speed, singing wildly his flight song with all the abandon of a Bacchante, till, as suddenly, he comes to rest upon the branch from which he started, dozes a space, and wakes to walk quietly the length of his perch, returning to the earth as if quite unconscious of what has occurred.

The cares of the nesting season, though they may scant him in his diurnal pleasures, have no power over the hours of darkness, and if you are wakeful you may hear the aerial love-song of this midnight troubadour, that, forsaking earth, launches himself toward the stars.

Tragedies of the Nest

By L. L. SNYDER, Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto, Ont.

IN looking over my observation notes for the months of June and July, I was very much surprised to find so many casualties which had befallen the birds and their nests in the 'Harcroft' Sanctuary, near Toronto, Ont. This reservation is the property of Mr. J. A. Harvey. It embraces about 25 acres and contains both high and dry woodland and low and wet marshes, which make it attractive to a great variety of birds.

It was here that I had the opportunity of watching bird migration and, later, although rather intermittently, to observe birds nesting. Although many birds had successfully reared their broods on those 25 acres, there were quite a number which met with difficulties or complete failure. No warden protection was given to the Sanctuary, but it was carefully watched over by the two families residing on the grounds. Such helps as shooting stray cats, driving out human molesters, keeping down the harmful Hawks and Owls, as well as having a watchful eye on Crows and Grackles, were constantly in practice.

My list of tragedies starts with the Wilson Thrush or Veery. This master of nature's flute selected a bush-covered bank near the edge of a pond for his deep and well-concealed nest. In a short time the nest was completed, and one morning I found a dazzling greenish blue egg deposited in it. On the following morning I found a Cowbird's egg in the nest. Although young Thrushes are almost as large as young Cowbirds, and could probably hold their own in the same nest, I thought it advisable to remove the egg because of the abundance of Cowbirds in the vicinity. The next day I found the nest empty. Where the Veery egg had gone to (and probably a second egg laid that day), I do not know. On the following day another Veery egg was in the nest. In due time this egg hatched and the little Veery left the nest in the normal way. Although the efforts of the Veery were not all in vain, the brood was not a success.

The second nest which I watched was that of the Chipping Sparrow. It was constructed in a young elm tree about 8 feet from the ground. Three days after I had found this little cradle, which rocked and tossed in the wind, I discovered it tilted up and the few speckled eggs broken on the ground. The wind, very likely, was the cause, as, upon removing the nest, I found that it had been placed between two branches in such a way that, when either branch moved, the movement would tend to loosen their grip on the nest. Birds frequently choose unwise sites for their nests and generally suffer for it, as did the Chipping Sparrow.

The third nest tragedy fell to the lot of our most popular native bird, the American Robin. The pair had built their nest over the dining-room door of Mr. Harvey's house; four eggs were laid and, without anyone noticing it, the eggs disappeared, also the nest was partially destroyed. The pair were not discouraged, but remodeled their home and four more eggs were laid. Four

young Robins finally made their appearance and were thriving when, one day, a black squirrel, which had always been encouraged about the house, turned criminal and proceeded to devastate the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robin. Mrs. Harvey noticed the confusion outside, and, upon investigation, found the black intruder in the act of throwing out the little naked birds. The squirrel had dropped one to the ground and was holding another in his mouth. Just what his intentions were, I do not know, nor did Mr. Harvey wait to see, but promptly frightened the squirrel away and replaced the little birds in their nest. They did not seem to be injured and after several days were fully feathered and started off to learn the art of extracting earthworms from the lawn.



"THE FIVE YOUNG BIRDS . . . WERE BROUGHT TO MR. HARVEY"

Photographed by L. L. Snyder

The next family circle to be broken up was that of a pair of Bluebirds which had nested in a bird-box in the neighborhood. A boy, who wished to try out his rifle, killed the mother bird. The five young birds, which were almost fully fledged, were brought to Mr. Harvey. Mrs. Harvey reared the family upon egg-and-milk custard, a most unusual diet for birds, but, nevertheless, the youngsters did well and were soon able to feed themselves. They were then given their liberty about the lawn, and it is hoped that they will all be back next year.

One day I started out for a walk, armed with my field-glasses and notebook. While going through a cherry thicket, close to the edge of a pond, I caught a glimpse of a tiny yellowish green bird fairly rolling over the ground. It was the female Yellow Warbler. Her frantic efforts to entice me to follow her were of no use, because I wanted to have a look into that little gray cup which was

sure to be somewhere near. After a few moments' search, I found it in the fork of a cherry sprout, about 3 feet from the ground. The sole occupant of the nest was a fat, lazy Cowbird. The details of this story were missing, but it was not hard to see how several little Warblers were crowded off this earth by this clumsy interloper. Other similar cases must have happened in the vicinity, because, on two other occasions, I have witnessed the rather disgusting, but still comical, sight of a tiny mother Warbler, or a Song Sparrow, devoting its entire time to satisfying the enormous appetite of a young Cowbird.

One morning I was asked to locate a Song Sparrow's nest which was somewhere in the vicinity of a thistle patch which Mr. Harvey wished to clear out. A few of the thistles had been cut, but operations had been suspended because of the serious objection of the parent birds. I took my post nearby, being partly concealed by the tall grass and weeds. Both the male and female birds came down, time after time, with their mouths full of small moths and other insects, only to be devoured by themselves after much chirping and shifting of positions. I took this to be bird strategy, and for three hours I sat fighting the mosquitos as best I could without making much commotion. It finally dawned on me that the birds were as much baffled as to the whereabouts of the nest as I was. On first thought I supposed that, because of part of the thistles being cut, the birds had somewhat lost their sense of direction, but it proved that the nest had been overturned. I turned it right side up, but could see nothing of the little birds. With my hand I scratched away the dead leaves and grass, and even the earth, and there, buried in the ground, were the three little birds, still alive, and one egg. My next query was what to do with the young birds since the nest was partially destroyed and the protecting thistles gone. I decided, rather than to move the nest any distance where it would be protected by the weeds, that I should move the protection to it. So I dug up tufts of sod and transplanted them about where the nest had been. Then I remodeled the nest and placed it in a pocket between the tufts of grass. The little birds and the egg were then replaced in the nest. It was only a moment before the parents were feeding the young just as if nothing had happened. The egg proved to be infertile, but the young birds were soon fully feathered and left the nest.

Another Song Sparrow family had an exciting time when they were intruded upon by an otherwise friendly dog. The little Song Sparrows, being now fledged, promptly left the nest, as they had been instinctively taught to do when the dog's sniff sounded too close. The movement, of course, attracted the dog, and she caught one of the little birds. I was hurrying to the scene as fast as I could, but speed was impossible since I was in a rowboat, with a short board for a paddle. My shouts caused the dog to drop the bird and, upon examination, I found an abdominal wound, large enough to allow the bowel to protrude. I took the little Sparrow home and he was immediately placed on the operating table. With a fine silk thread I sewed up the wound and then

washed it with disinfectant. The following day the little fellow was quite active, but refused to take food. I believe it was because he was too old to be fed by a foster parent, because young and more unsophisticated birds unconsciously open their mouths to be fed. After several fruitless attempts to feed him various kinds of insects, I decided to take him back to his mother. This I did, and she began feeding him at once. Just what the outcome was I do not know, but when I last located him, he seemed perfectly healthy. Whether the silk thread stitches will cause trouble, or whether Nature will discard them, I do not know.

Other cases of destruction, such as the disappearance of the nest and eggs of a Brown Thrasher, add more to my list of bird tragedies. This case, I presume, was due to some passer-by, since the nest was close to a public path, and there are always a few individuals whose eyes are pleased with a collection of birds' eggs dangling on a string.

Although my observations will convey nothing new to the one who studies birds, they record a few more instances of bird tragedies and point out some of the causes. Some of the destructive agencies cannot be overcome, but for that reason we should double our efforts to protect our feathered friends; with interest, care and action, we can vitally aid the birds and, consequently, ourselves and the world in general.



YOUNG SCREECH OWLS

Photographed by C. W. Leister, Ithaca, N. Y.

Bird Neighbors

By MRS. HARVEY C. PERRY, Westerly, R. I



WHERE FLICKERS LIVED

IT is much easier to have 'bird neighbors' than many of us suspect before we have tried it, and one of the best ways to succeed is to follow the advice given in a little book, 'Methods of Attracting Birds,' by Gilbert H. Trafton. It is not necessary to follow his directions to the letter or to spend much money, as one spring's experience in this New England town has proven. Here we have had trees and nesting-boxes on all sides inhabited, each with its appropriate pair, and, though well within the borders of the town, our back yard and bathing-pool have had daily, and often hourly, visits from such rustics as Meadowlarks and Red-wings.

The first residents were Bluebirds, who appropriated a starch-box covered with bark and which was placed in an old apple tree. For a week there were glorious day-long battles with the English Sparrows, giving occasional need for human interference, when a gallant but tired little gentleman would sit on a twig, confidently congratulating himself and his mate, while the Sparrows, in noisy rout, fled before waving arms and clapping hands.

As soon as building began there was peace and victory—peace, if no Sparrow stopped on or under the tree—and always victory. We have repeatedly seen the fire-eating lord of the family jump directly on a Sparrow's back and drag him from the very door of the house. This lord did no work himself but almost burst with pride and affection at each tiny straw that was brought to the box. And surely such loving lovers there never were. We never found out how many little ones they owned, but we discovered one egg that did not hatch and was the prey of marauding Sparrows after the brood had flown.

For two weeks we thought that we were deserted, but one morning there he was again, the same little fire-eater, darting at the Sparrows and keeping them well away from his old home. He kept with him, for nearly a week, a queer mottled child which he fed most diligently, till it, thankless, left him. But his wife never came back, and for two weeks his call to her was never silent from morning till night. In and out of his old home he went, and into all the other boxes, only to be driven away by indignant owners, and never to find that industrious and exemplary cause of all his happiness. Of course, we will never know what has become of her or of him. Maybe they, or their children,

will come to us next spring. But, in any case, we are glad that his heart-broken calls have ceased to harrow our feelings.

In the meantime, there was domesticity on all sides. A joyous, noisy Flicker had found his box, and, regardless of a Sparrow's nest in the bottom and angry, screaming Sparrows on all sides, calmly took up his abode there every night, and every day used the sides for his drum. We thought he was only an old tramp, till we found he had a wife and family in an apple limb two trees away, and used our box only as an annex. But soon he became overwhelmingly busy with an obstreperous crowd of small replicas of himself, who wanted very much to come out of the hole but never quite dared. They silenced his hurraing shout and made him merely humdrum and business-like, as dull as any commuter.

A pair of White-breasted Swallows found a home in the hulk of an old toy boat which had been fixed up for Martins, and they were nearly the most amusing of all. The poor flustered bride could never tell which of the four rooms was hers and spent hours of unnecessary labor carrying feathers and straws into all of them, while her husband sat idle but interested on a telephone wire. The hole they had chosen was in the stern, but the prospective mother vacillated long between that and the one in the bow, having succeeded after many failures



THE BLUEBIRDS' HOME

in eliminating the other two. She had made five trips in succession to the wrong hole, always hovering uncertainly before the right one, when her exasperated lord and master, with excited twitterings, called her out and escorted her to the stern. After that we noticed no more mistakes.

It was a slow time till the eggs were hatched, but then slow no longer. We counted twenty feedings in forty minutes, and from occasional observations are inclined to think that this was the rate for most of the day. Both parents

were hard at work now, and not many weeks were passed before the hole was crowded with small white throats and gaping yellow mouths, and then in a few days empty again and Swallows and twitterings were no more.

Since the Swallows had appropriated the Martin-box, there was nothing for it but to build a new eight-room cottage for these hypothetical tenants. This was set up on a pole and promptly occupied by English Sparrows. Every day there was a nest built and every evening it was torn out. Then one day there was a nest and an egg to lose and finally a Sparrow shot; and the next night a pair of Martins actually arrived. After that they came, one by one, the males always first, and a great rejoicing crowd they made, perched all over their house, chattering together, and then starting off on their great tireless swooping flights, playing wonderful games in midair, with feathers or green leaves dropped and caught again, till they were off through the sky and away out of sight.

Soon they were busy with family cares, and the tired mothers would come out in the evenings to gossip and stretch their cramped wings before they were back again at their monotonous duties, while the fathers had a gay time together out over the river catching gnats and dragon-flies.

Last and least came a pair of Wrens and adopted a green-painted chalk-box in a lilac bush by the porch. Of these we knew little except a preposterously loud and cheerful song and an occasional little brown bird which slipped noiselessly into a tiny black hole.

All this had happened by the first of July. The advantages which this place possesses are not unique—old apple trees, nearby water and some shrubbery—yet besides the tenants of our boxes much could be said of Robins and Cat-birds, of Orioles and Kingbirds, of Chippies and Goldfinches and Yellow Warblers and Hummingbirds, some a prey to Sparrows and some to cats, but most, at the last, leading out a victorious brood, working away all their gay spring spirits, but earning again their trip to the South and their fountain of eternal youth.

If any man believeth, let him go and do likewise, and above all let him swear unending hostility to English Sparrows, Starlings, and Cats.



Notes from Field and Study

Notes from Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

February 17 to May 29, 1916, and from October 22 to May 28, 1917, I had Evening Grosbeaks feeding daily at my feeding-boxes and window-tray. Last winter was a disappointment—only one visit, February 24, from 3 males and a female. This season (1918) they are back. The first, a male, was in the window-tray when I came down to breakfast October 15. October 19, at same time, a female came in, and the same afternoon there were 8. Now, October 28, there are 19, 11 males and 8 females. They are here, as before, every day from just after daylight until mid-afternoon.

Last season a male Junco stayed all winter. This spring he mated, and much to my disgust, on July 8 he and his wife proudly brought to my window-tray and exhibited a young Cowbird!

This is the first year (1918) that I have kept a supply of sunflower seed out all summer. A flock of Purple Finches came March 23 and were here continually until October 21, when they left for the winter. From June 15 until the end of July many young birds were around. Frequently several would be in the window-tray at one time, being fed by their parents. June 30 I noticed the first second-year male beginning to acquire the red plumage, and it was well along in October before all had changed.

June 12 I saw 3 young Pine Siskins, just out of nest, being fed by the old birds, and by June 17th I had a flock of 20 old and young feeding. They stayed until July 15, coming in to feed and wash in the bird-bath daily.

Many White-throated Sparrows and Song Sparrows visited me.

From May 9 to May 23 I had a small flock of 5 White-crowned Sparrows. I have never, thus far, been able to find a White-Crown in this vicinity, except right at my own doorstep. For five years I have

had a small flock, from 4 to 6, for a few days every spring and fall.

A pair of Wood Pewees were around the house all summer. September 17 I saw the old birds feeding four young well able to fly. They must have immediately left for the South as that was the last I saw of them.

April 26 I saw 6 Savannah Sparrows in open fields a quarter-mile from the house; by May 1 there were at least a hundred. They stayed all season and nested. I saw the first young being fed July 10 and many young during the next three weeks. August 4 I noticed the first signs that the birds were flocking; August 6 they were still in the fields. I then left on a fishing-trip, and on my return, August 18, the fields were empty. Two pair of Bobolinks and two or three pair of Meadowlarks nested in the same fields.

Dr. Christofferson, my partner on bird traps, and myself last fall and winter found birds very scarce in this locality. However, over Washington's Birthday, we had one exceptional trip. With two others we went by train about 40 miles, then, the doctor and I on skis, the others on snow-shoes, packing our provisions, blankets, etc., tramped 8 miles to a hunting-camp. We had the most perfect weather—no wind, bright sunshine, and, during the day, temperature just about freezing or a little above. There was over 2 feet of snow, but when you woke in the morning you were reminded of a balmy spring day, for the forest around was alive with birds singing and chirping. When we first arrived we dug out the woodpile and exposed quite a little patch of unfrozen ground—this was a Mecca for the birds. We also put out a little food on the cabin step and the birds came down to feed.

We had Tree Sparrows, Pine Siskins, Chickadees, Redpolls, Golden-crowned Kinglets, Red-breasted Nuthatches, American and White-winged Crossbills,

and, one morning, a visit for about an hour from a flock of 10 Evening Grosbeaks. The woods all around the camp was alive with Crossbills, flock after flock, not less than 500 in all, the White-winged variety predominating, about two to one, and the males singing most beautifully.

This fall the Doctor and I have been particularly fortunate in checking the unusual for this locality, latitude 46 degrees 30 minutes north.

September 15. A Red-headed Woodpecker. The only one either of us ever saw in this part of Michigan. A Yellow-throated Vireo and two Olive-sided Flycatchers.

September 22.—A Philadelphia Vireo, 2 Wood Pewees, 2 Least Flycatchers and, in a swamp on an island in St. Mary's River, 3 miles from town, 2 Long-billed Marsh Wrens, 2 Swamp Sparrows, and a male and female Maryland Yellow-throat.

September 29.—A Blue-headed Vireo.

October 6.—A Lapland Longspur, 2 Fox Sparrows, 2 Palm, and 2 Black-throated Green Warblers.

October 13.—Two Chipping Sparrows, 3 Hermit Thrushes, 4 Lincoln's Sparrows (extremely rare here), 2 Northern Water-Thrushes (rare here, a very late date, and, I believe, a record for Michigan, the latest previous date I can find being October 8, 1889, near Detroit, 270 miles south of us), 2 Harris's Sparrows (unusual and rare; up to 1912 but three records from the state; however, one of these was from here, and the specimen is now in our High School Museum).

The above date, October 13, was our 'red letter day' for this season. The Lincoln's and Harris's Sparrows and Northern Water-Thrush we picked up along a half-mile of wire fence dividing a stretch of wood and a low-lying, rather wet meadow along the river-bank. The fence was mostly out of sight in the underbrush.

October 16.—A Myrtle Warbler and a Great Blue Heron.

November 13.—A Bohemian Waxwing, the first seen since April 23, 1916, arrived this morning and was feeding in my boxes

with the Evening Grosbeaks.—M. J. MAGEE, *Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.*

Unusual Occurrences in the San Francisco Bay Region

That birds fluctuate in numbers from year to year is so well known that record of unusual local occurrence would be hardly worth while were it not for historic significance. The matter which appears trivial at first sight may become important later when statistics are being compiled.

As a general rule there are few noteworthy variations in abundance among the visiting birds in the San Francisco Bay region. Of course, the Western Robin does not appear in equal numbers from winter to winter and sometimes the Red-breasted Nuthatch appears in such small numbers that it is rarely seen. But seldom are unusual increases or decreases conspicuous to the amateur bird student. The past winter, 1918-19, however, two winter visitant birds which are usually uncommon in the Bay region have appeared in such numbers as to become conspicuous, and one winter visitant, usually fairly common, has been so rare as to be unobserved up to February 10, 1919. The Golden-crowned Kinglet and the Western Bluebird are the two belonging to the first category and the Varied Thrush is the one belonging to the second category. Another notable occurrence remains in our memory—the numerous Western Wood Pewees found on the University Campus, Berkeley, in the summer of 1912 and the dearth of these birds in the same locality since that time. The above occurrences have been so conspicuous as to be noticeable by both professional and amateur bird students.—HAROLD C. BRYANT, *Berkeley, Calif.*

My Neighbor's Back Yard

In view from the south window of my living-room is a half-acre of neglected ground, covered with low shrubbery and a half-dozen plum and apple trees that year

after year bear their meager pittance of fruit which is never gathered. This deserted lot and a low, shambling cottage are the heritage of a lone spinster who is ever alert for trespassing boys, lest they covet a sour plum or a worm-eaten apple—these are left for the birds; they revel by day and the stray cats by night.

This small area, just one mile from the heart of the city, has attracted Black-headed Grosbeaks, Bohemian Waxwings, Western Robins, Red-shafted Flickers, Mountain Chickadee, Ruby-crowned Kinglets, Yellow Warblers, a pair of these birds having bred in this yard for seven years; Townsend's Solitaire, Spurred Towhee, a single Wilson's Warbler, this bird had evidently wandered far out of its geographic range, but it remained in full view sufficiently long to be sure of its identification; a Yellow-breasted Chat; a pair of Rocky Mountain Pine Grosbeaks were noted several times during their breeding season. We have studied these birds in the high mountains where they remain both summer and winter; however, their recurrence led us to the belief that they might be nesting in the pine trees in Liberty Park, about a half-mile distant. Once, when I had thrown out some sunflower seeds, I was pleased to find a lone Crossbill enjoying the feast.

Today, while sitting at my window reading, a shaft of copper distracted my attention. For the moment I thought it was the male of a pair of Robins that returns to us each year, but there was too much bustling and commotion among the low bushes to indicate the presence of my quiet friend, and a more careful scrutiny revealed a male Spurred Towhee. How intensely busy he was; how perfectly oblivious to his surroundings. Soon there was another, and then a third Towhee—such darting to and fro, a moment of repose, then a mad catapaulting. It seemed as though the entire dynamic force of the whole bird world was pent up in these three energetic little creatures. It was intensely interesting to watch them scratch for food, using both feet at the same time, jumping forward and back, and

with their little black heads bobbing, it reminded me so much of the negro roustabouts that used to come up the Mississippi on the old lumber scows—the boats unloaded, their joy found vent in singing and jiggling the 'Coonjine' to the strumming of a banjo or perhaps the syncopated rattle of a pair of bones.

For two weeks a male Robin has been singing each morning and evening his praises of the spring returned and calling to his mate to hasten back and join him. This afternoon, as he sat on his high perch on the box-elder tree, he could not long withstand the sight of another bird of copper, brown, and white. He flew to the ground, and I could almost see his disappointment. He stood perplexed, bewildered; he looked down at himself, then at the other bird—yes—the same coloring, but was it of his kin, this nervous, restless creature—no, indeed. I could see his indignation rise as he straightened back his head and puffed out his already corpulent little body—such needless haste to secure one's dinner—his utter disgust was so manifest. He hopped in a semi-circle intently watching the Towhees, then, as much as to say, "Now watch me," he pulled a huge worm out of the soft earth, leisurely eating it piece by piece, but the Towhees did not heed the admonition; they kept right on with their bustling and scratching. Finally one discovered a mass of snow remaining on top of one of the low bushes. Instantly an inspiration had seized him, and he was on top of it. In another second he had shaped a little cavity; then the snow began to fly, left, right and in every direction—oh, such an exciting time, but finally the snow-bath was accomplished—and the entrance of a hungry gray cat dispersed the bird's matinee.—MRS. A. O. TREGANZA, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Red Phalarope in Pennsylvania

On Sunday morning, December 15, 1918, a George School student picked up a strange bird which he brought to the school. The bird was still alive but in a

helpless condition and died the same afternoon. The next day, those interested having failed positively to identify it, the bird was sent to the Academy of Natural Sciences at Philadelphia to be stuffed and identified.

It appears that the bird was a Red Phalarope in winter plumage, the first of its species ever recorded in Pennsylvania. The Red Phalarope is an exclusively maritime bird, and this specimen only occurred thus far inland because of two days of foggy and rainy weather during which it had evidently lost its direction.

This specimen, because of its scientific value, will remain in the local collection at the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, Pa.—OLNEY RAYMOND, *George School, Bucks Co., Pa.*

A Tardy Evening Grosbeak

A female Evening Grosbeak was seen here May 2, 1919.—JOHN P. YOUNG, *Williamsport, Pa.*

'Crazy' Grouse

I live on the lake-shore, with a small fringe of trees over the bluff between my residence and the lake. As far back as I can remember, there comes a time in the fall, about September 15, when Partridges behave in a very peculiar way. I thought, until this year, that it was due to the breaking up of the covies, or that they were disturbed by hunters at that time, yet this explanation was not entirely satisfactory to me. This year there was no Partridge hunting in our state, but conditions remained the same.

About that time of the year, that is about September 15, I have noticed that Partridges about my residence are very erratic in their flight. I have picked up as many as five in one forenoon that have flown against windows and buildings. I got two one morning that, after having been disturbed, flew against the side of a green, painted barn. I picked up another this fall, a matured bird, that, in a practically open piece of ground, flew

against the side of a summer cottage. I saw the bird do it. This does not happen at any other season of the year. Can you offer any explanation?—A. A. SWINTON, *Charlevoix, Mich.*

[In reply we quote from Seton's 'Wild Animals I Have Known':

"By a strange law of nature, not wholly without parallel among mankind, all Partridges go crazy in the November moon of their first year. They become possessed of a mad hankering to get away somewhere, it does not matter much where. And the wisest of them do all sorts of foolish things at this period. They go drifting perhaps, at speed over the country by night, and are cut in two by wires, or dash into lighthouses, or locomotive headlights. Daylight finds them in all sorts of absurd places—in buildings, in open marshes, perched on telephone wires in a great city, or even on board coasting vessels. The craze seems to be a relic of a by-gone habit of migration, and it has at least one good effect, it breaks up the families and prevents the constant intermarrying, which would surely be fatal to their race. It always takes the young badly their first year, and they may have it again the second fall, for it is very catching; but in the third season it is practically unknown."—EDITOR.]

Starlings Spreading in New York State

From my own observations and from those of my friends here, I have proved that the Starling is beginning to spread toward the east-central part of New York state.

Last spring, for the first time, I was attracted by a new bird-call in an old grove near my home. I could not tell exactly the kind of bird it was, and thought perhaps it might be a Blackbird of some species. Later there were at least a half-dozen of them. They stayed about two weeks and then disappeared. They were very shy and flew before I could get near enough to observe them with my glasses.

I did not think of the Starling, knowing that they were found farther south, nearer

New York City, but later in the summer a bird student about six miles from here shot several Starlings and I was fortunate enough to see one. It quite resembled my visitors in the grove and it made me keen to know whether mine were Starlings or not.

This spring the same birds again returned, and in greater numbers. There must have been twelve or fifteen in all. They were still as shy as ever, and I could get no nearer to them. But one day, near June 1, I had a pleasant and yet not a pleasant discovery. I was attracted to the tree where for two years my Flicker had built his nest. In the same hole one of these black birds (Starlings) was feeding its young. What a squeaking noise, both parent and young made! Now I had a splendid chance to identify my bird. Sure enough my glasses told the story. I could see the metallic green and purple plumage, spotted indistinctly with white. Its breast feathers were not smooth, but as it called each stood out on its breast separately. The tail was blunt and its beak fairly long. Just above this place,

in another tree, was a nest. These were the only trees that were inhabited in the old grove, but I felt very indignant that another pest was added besides the Crow and Sparrow to this charming nesting-site of so many of my bird friends.

I wish heartily that something might be done to stop the spread of these pests up state. —GERTRUDE HOYT, *Hobart, N. Y.*

Making Friends with the Golden-winged Warbler

I am enclosing a picture of a Golden-winged Warbler which may be of interest to the readers of BIRD-LORE.

One day in June, 1918, I discovered a nest of the Golden-wings in a clump of weeds in an open woods near the road. It was somewhat disappointing, however to find that the male would not come near the nest nor attempt to feed the young while my camera was in sight. The female came rather frequently, but she was so excited and cautious that I failed to get her picture.

The next week I found another Golden-



A TRUSTFUL GOLDEN-WING
Photographed by Clinton E. Kellogg

Wing's nest hidden under the broad leaf of a skunk cabbage in an open swamp. To my surprise and delight, the male did all the feeding of this family and he seemed not to mind the camera in the least.

Returning a few days later, I found the young birds preparing to leave the nest. I took them up to prevent their escape while I was getting ready for another picture when, to my astonishment and delight, the male came and fed them as they sat in my hand.

Believing that this was as unusual an experience for the Golden-wing, as I am sure it was for me, I send you the picture which I managed to secure.—CLINTON E. KELLOGG, *Secretary-Treasurer, Burroughs Audubon Nature Club, Rochester, N. Y.*

Prothonotary Warbler at Erie, Pa.

The vicinity of Erie, comprising the lake-shore, Presque Isle, commonly known as the Peninsula, and Waldameer Park, is an enchanted paradise for bird-lovers in the Keystone State.

From September 4 to 7, 1918, we spent four days profitably observing and studying bird-life around Erie. The Warbler migration, with its passing 'waves', showed us 23 different species of the Mniotiltidæ.

On September 6, we watched a Prothonotary Warbler feeding on the berries of the 'Devil's Club' tree at the entrance to Waldameer Park. The bird was under extended observation for at least an hour by both of us, with field-glasses, under a strong early afternoon sunlight. This beautiful, well-marked specimen was a gorgeous sight in the bright sunshine, as it lazily devoured the ripe berries. A male Black-throated Blue and several other Warblers were feeding on the same 'Devil's Club' tree about 8 feet above the ground. When we approached within about 15 feet of the birds, the Prothonotary Warbler flew away, but the others allowed a much closer approach before taking alarm. Whereupon we retired, and, after a few minutes, the group of Warblers returned and resumed their feast. We

repeated this many times and studied them with our binoculars from all sides, although glasses were almost unnecessary at such close range. The Prothonotary Warbler drew all our attention on account of its beauty and rarity. We compared it on the spot with Chester Reed's colored plate which does not do the bird justice. Even Ridgway's beautiful colored plate falls short of the real bird.

The intense yellow, nearly an orange, on the whole head and underparts showed it to be seemingly a male bird. The ashy blue color of the wings (without bars) contrasted prettily with the gold. Even the white on the outside tail-feathers was plainly evident. The back of head was not yet washed with dusky, as described by Chapman for the adult male's fall plumage, but the uniform orange-yellow encircled its whole head. This bird might be more aptly named the Golden-headed Warbler.

It was not until after our return, when reading Todd's 'Birds of Erie and Presque Isle' that we realized that we made a first 'observed record' for Erie or vicinity.—THOS. L. MCCONNELL and L. F. SAVAGE, *McKeesport, Pa.*

Townsend's Solitaire

I wish to record a visit of Townsend's Solitaire to this locality on April 11 and 12, 1919. The bird first appeared on the 11th, and was seen by the writer flying about in an old deserted orchard in the foot-hills, but having no glass I could not identify it at the time. The next morning, however, I found it again, this time in my own orchard, and was able to observe it at leisure for more than an hour, making identification absolutely certain. During this time its flights were confined to the orchard and roadside, and a stumpy pasture adjoining. It was feeding constantly, taking its prey in Bluebird fashion, by watching for it from fence-posts and stumps, and dropping to the ground only when an insect had been located, returning immediately to its point of observation. In fact, in its habits,

and in the general appearance of its head and neck, it constantly reminded one of a female Bluebird, although its longer form suggested a slender Thrush, with a hint in its actions, and especially in flight, of the Sage Thrasher.

When the bird finally left me behind, it flew in the direction of the old orchard where it was first seen, and, later in the day, I again found it there, and spent nearly two hours watching it. Although somewhat timid if approached too closely, it took little notice of my presence as long as I remained quiet and at a little distance. While in the orchard it seemed to feed principally on angle worms, which it secured Robin fashion, except that instead of watching for them from the ground it would drop down upon them from the lower limbs of the fruit trees, returning immediately to its perch. In fact, during the entire time I watched it, I did not see it take more than half a dozen hops along the ground, and I did not hear it utter a single note. Possibly my presence may have had something to do with this cautious silence.

It may be that the birds seen were not the same one, and that several were present, but of this I cannot be certain. The locality where it was observed is in the lower foot-hills of the Cascades, and at an altitude of approximately seven or eight hundred feet.

Of course, it was only a stray, lost in migration, but as I have never seen another such instance recorded, I am inclined to think it a very rare occurrence.—LESLIE L. HASKIN, *Lebanon, Ore.*

Mockingbird in Connecticut

Saturday afternoon, March 15, the writer was walking along Farmington Avenue in the town of West Hartford, Conn., about 4 miles west of Hartford City Hall. A bird-song of remarkably good quality drew my attention to a nearby back yard. At first I thought it might be a Catbird; later, it very strongly reminded me of the song of the Brown Thrasher; but investigation showed the

singer to be a Mockingbird 'perched in a small peach tree. He did not sing very much after being discovered, but a few notes were heard. A Robin in a nearby tree attracted his attention and was promptly chased out of the tree, and when last seen the Mocker was flying fast towards Hartford.—GEO. H. GABRIEL, *Hartford, Conn.*

The Nesting of Robins

Having read in March-April BIRD-LORE, Horace W. Wright's article on 'Robins Repeatedly Using the Same Nest,' I submit to 'Notes from Field and Study,' my observations on their nesting during the past three years.

In 1916 we built our cottage on the bluff at Wequetonsing, Mich., and when we arrived at our summer home, the latter part of June, we found it already in possession of three families of Robins, who had taken shelter on the inside ledges of two large pillars at either end of our front veranda and on a similar ledge at the side entrance to our cottage. These nests added greatly to the interest and delight of our newly acquired possession. It proved to be one of our chief pleasures to watch our Robin families at close range during this first summer. Our comings in and our goings out and our many delightful days on our veranda did not seem to disturb our bird friends, and we began to feel that a close companionship existed between us. We looked forward with great pleasure to our second summer, hoping to meet our Robin friends again, but having a family of Wrens in a bird-house swinging in a tree directly in front of our veranda, our attention and interest became divided, for while we delighted in the calls of the Robins and their constant presence with us, yet the lovely songs of the Wrens added much to our summer's pleasure.

As soon as the last birdling had flown from the nests of the Robins (1917), one morning, to our great surprise, we heard the Wrens making a great commotion, attacking and apparently tearing apart the nests of the Robins. Only two of the

nests were thus attacked by the angry little Wrens, who busied themselves for several days carrying away bits of straw, string, and twigs. This last summer (our third year in Michigan) we were curious to know if the Robins would nest again in these nests which had been partially destroyed by the Wrens, and when we arrived on June 27 we found only one of the three nests occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Robin, and, curiously enough, it was the one which had not been attacked by the Wrens. We also discovered that a second nest, constructed mostly of mud, had been built as a sort of second story on top of the nest at the side entrance. If that had been rebuilt and occupied by a Robin family or some other kind of a bird family in the early months, the birds had all flown before our arrival in spring, and it was not occupied again this summer. Unlike her ancestors of the two former summers, Mrs. Robin, who was nesting when we arrived, seemed especially timid and wild, and would never remain on her nest when we were occupying our veranda, nor could she stand the opening and shutting of our front door. As we could not abandon its use, the poor lady Robin abandoned her nest, leaving behind her two unhatched eggs (which we discovered at the end of the season), and started nesting on the opposite end of our veranda in the other unoccupied nest, a bit farther away from our entrance door. Here she raised her little family of four. It is a curious thing that, during the three years that we have been studying Robins, watching their rapidly growing offspring day by day, and seeing them stand with uncertain legs on the very edge of their nest and flutter their tiny wings for exercise, we have never yet seen them make their first flight into the world. We have decided they must take that plunge in the 'wee sma' hours' of the morning, before the inmates of the cottage are awake to frighten them. It was a great disappointment to us that we did not reach our summer home early enough for Wren renters this season, and our lonesome little bird-house, swingin', in the tree-

bough, remained unoccupied all this summer. Next year we hope for Martins and Bluebirds, as we have purchased additional bird-houses for our grounds and have arranged to have them placed earlier in the season. We hope to hear many bird-notes next summer at Minno-to-win Lodge.—GRACE L. S. DYCHE, *Evanston, Ill.*

A Robin's Lament

One dreary, rainy afternoon last week, a beautiful Robin dropped dead on my porch roof. This was about 2 o'clock, and immediately his mate came and stood beside him. She looked and chirped and walked around him for several minutes, then seemed to realize there was something wrong.

She stood guard, as it were, first looking at her mate, then looking away, never leaving nor getting more than 15 inches from him, until 7 o'clock at night. There was a fine drizzling rain falling continually, but she never ceased her vigil nor took a mouthful of food during those five hours.

It seemed such a sad sight and we were so desirous of learning the outcome, that some of the family kept watch continually. At 7 o'clock she flew down to the ground and began getting some supper for herself; and as the rain had ceased, another Robin appeared, and they became very friendly, and after a few minutes flew away together. My small son remarked, "Why, mother, she's forgotten all about her other husband and has gone away with a new one!"—MABEL L. C. BOWES, *Utica, N. Y.*

Bluebird Feeding Its Mate

At no time of the year are the human-like instincts of birds so strikingly developed as in the nesting season. One of the many pretty things not uncommonly done by nesting birds is for the male to bring food to his mate while she sits on her nest. Still this is clearly a case of mere instinct growing out of the necessity of

the situation. In the following incident there was apparently no such necessity. Though I am under the impression of having seen a few other similar acts, in no other case were the details so striking as in this one at Kingston, N. Y., on May 18.

A pair of Bluebirds had a nest in a low, hollow stump on the edge of a pond. From the direction of this stump I saw the dull-colored female fly to an orchard nearby. Alighting on the upper branch of an apple tree, she called repeatedly, using exactly



BLUEBIRD FEEDING ITS MATE

Drawn from nature by Edmund J. Sawyer

the notes of a young Bluebird and imitating perfectly all the fluttering actions of a young bird 'begging' for food. Her mate had been near her in the tree, but he flew away and soon returned with food which he tenderly placed in her open bill, while she continued to flutter and 'beg' for it. After a little while both flew away in the same direction. EDMUND J. SAWYER, *Watertown, N. Y.*

Notes on Albino Robins

As albino birds of any kind always attract special attention among people, I thought the following notes might be of interest to BIRD-LORE'S readers.

In 1917 a partially albino male Robin was seen several times near my home in



AN ALBINISTIC ROBIN
Photographed by E. R. Warren

Colorado Springs, Colo. The bird was first seen March 31 and again on the following day, when I secured a few photographs. Though it was quite tame and permitted a fairly close approach, it was difficult to tell how many white feathers there were. As the picture shows, there was one white feather in the upper part of the tail and one or more were mixed in below, a rather vague statement, but that is as nearly as I

can express it. There was also a round spot $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch in diameter on each shoulder. After the above date the bird was seen several times within a radius of 150 yards, until June 23, and then not until September 17, when it made its last appearance for 1917. I was naturally pleased and interested when I saw the bird again March 15, 1918, and it was noted occasionally until May 5, since which time it has not been seen.

During 1918 I saw several other partially albino Robins, and heard of more, including one entirely white bird. One of those that I saw had a number of small white spots all over it, and another a white spot the size of one's thumb-nail in the middle of its back. This also was a male, and was seen a number of times. These occurrences would seem to indicate that there is a family or families of these albinos about the city.—E. R. WARREN, *Colorado Springs, Colo.*

Cardinals and Wrens

This spring, on March 27, a pair of Cardinals began the building of a nest in a weeping mulberry tree. The tree is very low and quite close to the house and one could almost reach the nest through a window at the side of the house. The nest itself was constructed of sticks and small twigs.

On April 12, I discovered one egg in the nest. The egg was white, spotted with brown. The next day there was another egg in the nest and the day after that another. Then the female stayed on the nest.

We often looked out the window and watched them and they grew used to us. I watched the nest closely and on April 26 discovered three young birds in it. Then Father and Mother Cardinal were very busy and excited. The male carried worms to the female who, in turn, fed them to the young birds.

I watched the young birds develop. Often I went to the nest and watched the mother and her little ones. The female always stayed on the nest and did not get

in the least excited when I stood very near it.

The young birds grew fast and soon began to look like their mother. Then, one day, I looked into the nest and, lo, it was empty! It was so sudden that I thought a cat must have eaten them. I listened and heard the short *chip* of the Cardinals, which usually means that something is wrong. I followed the sound to a clump of bushes, and, on a very low branch, I saw the baby birds. The parents were teaching them to fly. I stood near and watched, quietly. The male would fly to a low branch and the female stood by and tried to urge the little ones to try it too. This was repeated again and again.

It grew dark and I could not watch them any longer, but the next afternoon we saw the male and female with the three little ones and they could fly.

So ended happily the history of our Cardinals.

I have three Wren-houses in the yard.

This spring, on May 1, a pair of Wrens began carrying sticks and straw to one of the boxes. One morning I counted the trips of the Wrens to and from the house and they made on the average of five or six a minute.

After a while I noticed a pair in another Wren-house. I discovered it was the same pair. Had they deserted the first nest? I watched. No, they still made frequent trips to the first box.

When there were two eggs in house No. 2 a heavy storm beat upon the box and it was blown to the ground. I opened the box and found the two eggs crushed.

The Wrens then were seen most frequently in house No. 1. Eggs were laid and then I noticed the same pair of Wrens building a nest in another box, which I shall name house No. 3. Soon the eggs in house No 1 hatched. The little birds were tenderly cared for. House No. 3 was never used any further than the building of the nest.—IRENE M. HER-SCHLER, *Worthington, Ohio*.

THE SEASON

XIV. April 15 to June 15, 1919

BOSTON REGION.—A New England spring, anticipated through a winter's season of cold, frequently proves a disappointment, and in many respects this was the case in 1919. A remarkably mild winter was succeeded in late April and most of May, in eastern Massachusetts, by an unusual succession of cold or rainy days with a prevailingly east wind causing chilly and cloudy weather. The April migrations, well under way and even advanced for the season in case of some species, were abruptly checked by inclement days in the latter half of the month, culminating in a sharp freeze with a biting northerly gale on April 25 that killed the tender shoots of many trees already started. No doubt many birds suffered from this, though exact information is difficult to obtain. A dead Hermit Thrush, reported from one locality

in southern New Hampshire, seemed to have met its fate through exposure. The usual flight of White-throated Sparrows, due in late April, was extremely small. A few scattering birds were seen, one singing feebly May 6, at Lexington, and a few up to May sixteenth. A late Junco was twice seen at Lexington, once on May 9 and again on the 15th, possibly a left-over from the April flight. A flock of twelve Red Crossbills stopped in some Norway Spruces at the same locality on May 9, perchance returning from the winter's wanderings to the south. Pine Siskins were more in evidence than usual at this season: many small companies up to a dozen individuals were of frequent occurrence till May 18. A considerable flock of Evening Grosbeaks (75 to 100 birds) reported as wintering at Beverly Farms, was last

seen there on May 19. As an aftermath of the winter's abundance, a few Hairy Woodpeckers seem to have settled near the towns. One on the main highway at Arlington attracted attention from passers-by through May on account of his loud and persistent drumming.

As for the usual spring migrants and summer residents, the continuously unfavorable days of May seemed inconducive to marked waves of migration. Most species made their general appearance a few days behind the average time of arrival and came, unobtrusively, in small numbers. On May 15, following a fine, clear day, came the most marked flight, when many species of Warblers, including Blackburnians, and large numbers of Parula, Myrtle, and Magnolia Warblers, swarmed through the trees. The three last continued to be conspicuous for several days. Kingbirds seemed very late in general arrival; the first were noted at Lexington on May 18. The first songs of Wilson's Thrushes were heard the same date, eleven days after the first arrivals. Baltimore Orioles and Rose-breasted Grosbeaks came together in numbers on May 5. A shy Lincoln's Finch was observed at Lexington during parts of the 17th, in the vicinity of a brush-pile, whence, with characteristic caution, it would sally forth into the grass, only to disappear utterly and mysteriously if too closely approached. Noticeable was the small number of Blackpoll Warblers in contrast to their abundance last fall. Yellow-throated Vireos seem nearly gone from our region. Only one singing bird at Lexington was found after covering much open and orchard country. One or two pairs of Warbling Vireos are apparently settled in the old elms of the town, but the species is much less in evidence than it used to be before the extensive spraying of shade trees against insects. Cedar-birds also seem to be very few. It is interesting to find that the Tennessee Warbler, of unusual abundance as a spring migrant the two previous years, was present again this season in small numbers. Singing birds were several times recorded during casual

walks between May 21 and June 1 at Cambridge and Lexington. On the evening of May 29, several small flocks of Nighthawks, numbering eight to twelve birds each, passed over, flying high, steadily, and due north. The local birds that breed on the graveled roof-tops of Boston had arrived all of two weeks earlier. This late migration of Nighthawks, doubtless of more northerly breeding birds, is a usual occurrence here in the last days of May. This year it marked practically the close of the spring migrations.

The local breeding birds are already well started in nesting. Starlings were out of the nest in Cambridge by the middle of May. It is worth recording that they are more noticeable this year in the suburbs north of Boston, as at Arlington and Lexington. As a city bird they are nesting in the very heart of Boston. The Robins and Bronzed Grackles, whose summer roost at Lexington was described last year, were already resorting to it nightly by early May, but, apparently, these were almost all male birds. Probably the females were left to brood the eggs and young. By the middle of June, Robins are already on the wing and many of the earlier breeding species, as Song Sparrows, Bronzed Grackles, and Tree Swallows, have young nearly ready to fly. Early June has proved seasonable as to weather and favorable for the hatching broods.—GLOVER M. ALLEN, *Boston, Mass.*

NEW YORK REGION.—This year the arrival from the south of the arboreal birds, which come when the trees are leafing out, especially transient species, was of much interest. Perhaps, due to the spring being at first advanced and later retarded, some species arrived late and others at unprecedented early dates. Among the latter the Black-poll Warbler is noteworthy, reported the end of April, and many of them arriving as early as the first week of May. Learning of their presence in Central Park, New York City, on May 5, they were looked for carefully at Garden City (though that locality is a

poor one for transient birds, being off any migration route) and the species recorded there on May 6, apparently the earliest date for Long Island. In spite of their early arrival, Blackpolls lingered as late as usual—until the first days of June. In the Englewood, N. J., region B. S. Bowditch noted the House Wren on April 20; Walter Granger the Worm-eating and Kentucky Warblers on May 6; he and Ludlow Griscom found the Cape May Warbler and Olive-backed Thrush May 6; Lincoln's Sparrow, Golden-winged and Tennessee Warblers, May 11. The Golden-winged is one of the rarest spring Warblers there, and all the other dates are exceptionally early. There seem to have been certainly not more than the usual number of May migrants, but more rarities than usual turned up among them. On May 2 there was a Prothonotary Warbler in Central Park. Was it a mere coincidence that this second southern straggler occurred there two weeks or so after the Yellow-throated Warbler reported in the June BIRD-LORE (BIRD-LORE, May-June, 1919, p. 182)? Can any student link these records by a study of southern weather conditions during the migration period? During the spring migration transient Flycatchers were notably scarce.

Eastward on Long Island water-fowl lingered very late. On Moriches Bay the last Golden-eye Duck was seen on April 27; a flock of Pintail on the wing, three or four Green-winged Teal, and a 'Puldu' or American Coot on May 3. On the same date three or four drake Scaup, playing about a Duck on the water, allowed a close enough approach before taking wing to be satisfactorily identified as the Lesser Scaup. It is seldom that one can differentiate the two Scaups with certainty in life. As late as May 24 two drake American Scoters accompanying a duck were observed at the edge of the jutting salt marsh. When we rounded a curve in the marsh and came close upon them, the drakes took wing almost at once, but they would not leave the duck, which seemed little alarmed, splashing in the water, apparently bathing and working

off-shore before our canoe. One actually alighted with her again, and the other circled about until finally she also took wing and the three, close together, flew out over the bay. Three 'wild' Mute Swan have been frequenting the shallows close to the salt marsh behind the beach. It is a fine experience to hear the rush of their great wings as they rise from the water and see them in air, snow-white growing smaller and smaller against the distant sky-line.—J. T. NICHOLS, *New York City*.

PHILADELPHIA REGION.—The temperature for April and May averaged about normal, while the total rainfall exceeded the average by about 3 inches. Rainy days were in order, especially during May yet there was no apparent delay in the migration, most of the migrants arriving according to schedule. An interesting flight of Canada Geese occurred the latter part of April, flocks being reported at several points. Those that came to the writer's notice were a flock of four April 17, and a flock of six April 26.

The presence of more Woodcock in this region than for a number of seasons is very gratifying, two nests with young and a number of individual birds have been recorded.

The Warbler migration was a decided improvement over last spring, but not up to the banner spring migration of 1917, when unusual weather conditions were met with by returning migrants. All the more common Warblers that appeared to be so unusually scarce the spring of 1918 passed through in numbers, and it was possible to get a good list by dint of hard work. The writer and Conrad K. Roland, working together, procured a list of eighty-nine species on May 11. The observers were out from 9 A.M. until 8.30 P.M. and at no time were more than 3 miles from the city limits of Camden, N. J. The Black Tern, King Rail, Sora, Red-backed Sandpiper, Barn Owl, Golden-winged Warbler, and Kentucky Warbler were some of the more unusual birds observed. The Red-backed Sandpiper and the Kentucky

Warbler, which were discovered by Mr. Roland, are the first records the writer has for Camden County, N. J. The Kentucky Warbler, while very common in all the creek valleys of the Pennsylvania side of the Delaware, rarely is found on the New Jersey side, for some unaccountable reason.

An interesting feature of May was the presence here at Camden of an unusual number of shore-birds. Besides the common migrants, such as the Yellow-legs, Solitary Sandpiper, etc., there were observed during the last two weeks of May large flocks of Least and Semi-palmated Sandpipers and a dozen or more Semi-palmated Plovers, and on May 21 a Turnstone and two White-rumped Sandpipers were noted; these, in addition to the Red-backed Sandpiper above mentioned, make a very surprising list of birds for this immediate neighborhood. East and northeast winds, with rain, during the first two weeks of the month are no doubt a contributing factor when accounting for the presence of these birds.

A Holboell's Grebe, noted May 13, and two Yellow-bellied Flycatchers May 25, are uncommon enough to mention.

The last migrants noted were an Olive-backed Thrush, May 30, and a Blackpoll Warbler, June 1.

Mr. Wm. Evans, of Marlton, informed me today (June 6) that up to the present only one Martin had appeared at his Martin-house; and in a recent auto trip through South Jersey he saw many houses but all apparently vacant. Continuous wet weather has no doubt a fatal effect on numbers of Martins.—JULIAN K. POTTER, *Camden, N. J.*

WASHINGTON REGION.—The ornithological situation about Washington during April and May was of considerable interest. Notwithstanding the rather low average temperature, the bird migration was in general somewhat early. The Hooded Warbler broke all previous records by appearing on April 13, on which date it was noted by Mr. A. Wetmore. Its previous earliest record was April 19,

1896. The Nighthawk, of which the previous earliest date was April 19, 1877, was reported on April 18 by Dr. H. H. T. Jackson. In addition to these, many other species came a day or two in advance of their normal arrival, and the following several days ahead: Yellow-throated Warbler, April 6; Chimney Swift, April 7; House Wren, April 10; Whip-poor-will, April 12; Black and White Warbler, April, 12; Bank Swallow, April 13; Yellow-throated Vireo, April 17; Parula Warbler, April 20; Bay-breasted Warbler, May 4; Black-billed Cuckoo, May 4.

A few, however, were a little late, such as the Northern Water-thrush, which came on May 3, whereas it should appear on April 28; and the Purple Martin, the arrival of which was noted on April 6, but which normally arrives about March 31.

Most of the winter residents left for the north about their ordinary time, but among the exceptions might be noted the Yellow-bellied Sapsucker, which was observed until May 13, and the Horned Grebe, which was seen on the same date. Both these birds remained thus fully three weeks beyond their usual time of departure.

Birds, on the whole, have been numerous in individuals, fairly so in species, and good records have been made by all-day observers. On May 3 and 4 a very pronounced movement of birds took place, this migration wave bringing during these two days the first arrivals of twenty-seven species, together with a goodly number of individuals of these and others. The height of migration this spring occurred about May 12, but soon thereafter, particularly beyond the 18th of the month, the numbers of transients rapidly diminished, and few remained until the last of May.

It has been a really good season for birds, in fact, not far from what might be considered normal in this region. A number of species were considerably more numerous than usual, some of them surprisingly so. For several days the Scarlet Tanagers were everywhere about the

woods, and the Blackburnian Warbler could be seen almost as ubiquitously. At times the Tennessee Warbler was about the commonest bird in suitable woodland, and in full song. Likewise the Kentucky Warbler, the Blue-winged Warbler, the Golden-winged Warbler, and the Traill Flycatcher, all but the first of which are rather rare about Washington, appeared much more frequently than is ordinarily the case. We note, however, the relative scarcity this spring of the Cape May Warbler and the Gray-cheeked Thrush, both of which have for a number of years past been common during the migration.

This season has been in no sense remarkable for the occurrence of rare birds, as was the spring of 1917, but the Upland Plover at New Alexandria, Va., on April 22, observed by Miss M. T. Cooke; the American Crossbill, reported by Mrs. Chamberlain at Thrifton, Va., April 10; and the Philadelphia Vireo, seen by R. W. Moore at Washington on May 8 are perhaps worthy of mention.

Several years ago a Duck Hawk took up its abode in the high tower of the Post-office Building in the city of Washington, and at times played havoc with the flocks of domestic Pigeons which frequented the market-place near-by. After various attempts the Hawk was finally killed and since then no Hawk has regularly resorted to this place. On April 30 of the present year, however, H. H. Sheldon saw a Duck Hawk fly from the Postoffice Building, which appears to be the latest spring date of which we have any record.—HARRY C. OBERHOLSER *Biological Survey, Washington, D. C.*

MINNEAPOLIS REGION.—After the promise of an early season in March and the first half of April, the weather turned colder for two or three weeks and the advance of spring was so retarded that the arrival of bird and the blooming of flowers was rather later than usual. A considerable fall of wet snow on April 14 and 15 and freezing temperatures for a night or two following, checked the bird migration for several days. Chilly nights and cool

north winds predominated until the first days of May. May, however, was for the most part a mild and pleasant month, with exceptionally hot weather during the last week, which has continued until the present date. On May 28, the thermometer registered 87°, the highest May record for several years. This very hot weather forced vegetation ahead rapidly and sent the late migrants northward more speedily than usual. Early June has been like midsummer.

The conspicuous feature of the bird migration this spring, as compared with the past few years, has been the appearance of most kinds of birds in such decidedly increased numbers that it has been possible to find those species that were apparently absent in recent years. Viewed as a whole, the migration has been more nearly a normal one than we have had for some time. The various species appeared in the old-time 'waves.' The Warbler migration, for example, approached the conditions of former years and was not the disjointed and disappointing affair of last year. The writer saw twenty-two out of a possible twenty-six species and three of the remaining four were reported by other observers. Only the rare Blue-winged Warbler was not reported. There was a large movement of Tennessee Warblers and the Cape May, Bay-breasted, Wilson's Golden-winged and Blackburnian were present in considerable numbers. Grinnell's Water-Thrush was not seen in the large numbers noted last year.

Water-birds, on the other hand, were rather scarce. The number of most species is steadily decreasing each year. The Killdeer, Black Tern, and Sora are exceptions and still return in something like their old abundance. Ducks in this vicinity were not numerous. However, many Ring-necks passed by between April 13 and May 4. They are always paired when they appear, even though in flocks.

At this writing, the summer conditions as to number of birds is a decided improvement over last year. Most species of land-birds are quite as common as they have been at any time in recent years. But the

Towhee and Oven-bird continue scarce, and the Horned Lark is almost a rarity as compared with earlier times. A strange feature of the present summer is the almost entire absence of Nighthawks hereabouts. Only a single bird has been seen by the writer thus far. A second-year male Orchard Oriole was seen May 30, the first individual of this species that has been noted here for several years. Three Wilson's Phalaropes were found at the Long Meadow Sloughs, 10 miles south of town, on June 4. They are still there and are presumably breeding. This was formerly an abundant nesting bird but these are the first that have been seen in this locality for many years.—THOMAS S. ROBERTS, *University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.*

KANSAS CITY REGION.—All conditions favorable to traveling birds have combined this spring to make the migration just passed a spectacular one indeed. Meteorological conditions have been ideal; insect food has been abnormally abundant, several larval forms, notably the canker worm, being present in such numbers as to suggest an invasion; and vegetation has been earlier and more luxuriant than for many years. As a result, the bulk of the migrants have been slow in passing, and the straggler of a few species have tarried days beyond their accustomed times of departure.

Tennessee Warblers in thousands, representing unquestionably the major part of the flight, were present until May 23, filling the city parks and boulevards with a bedlam of sharp staccato notes, and stragglers were present until May 28. The spring throngs of this species are normally through passing by the middle of the month, and the latest previous record for the last seen was May 25 (1916). The attraction for these Warblers was evidently the abundant supply of canker worms.

Lincoln's Sparrows were heard in full song during late April, which is not usual in this region. Swarms of migrating Kingbirds, Nighthawks, and Orchard Orioles were noted on the prairie regions of the county on May 2. The Kingbirds and

Orchard Orioles more often go in numbers up the Missouri River bottoms rather than over the higher prairie country of this immediate neighborhood. Two locally rare Warblers, the Sycamore and Magnolia, have been reported on several occasions, the first record of the former being April 28, on which date the Prothonotary was also seen. On May 9, Mourning and Wilson's Warblers were observed, as well as a few scattered flocks of Bobolinks, which, in this region, are rather rare birds.

Cedar Waxwings have noticeably increased in numbers during the past two years, and local students are hoping to find it breeding here at last. A nesting pair of this species has been a desideratum of long standing, since the bird is found here practically throughout the year.

The making of the annual spring horizon resulted this year in breaking the record that has stood since May 9, 1914, when two observers noted 101 species. Eight observers went forth at daylight on May 4, scattering in different directions, determined to find every species present. The day was far from being ideal for field-glass work, as the sky was darkly overcast and showers were intermittent, but migration was well under way and the birds were, for the most part, in full song. While it was unfortunate that several species known to be present failed of record, the grand total of 115 species observed was highly satisfactory. Another attempt on the following Sunday by six observers resulted in a list of 104 species.

The long-awaited decision of Federal Judge Van Valkenberg in the matter of his opinion as to the validity of the Migratory Bird Law is still forthcoming. It will be remembered that this is the heart of the enemy's country.—HARRY HARRIS, *Kansas City, Mo.*

DENVER REGION.—As the writer reviews his notes covering the period now under consideration, he is struck anew by the fact encountered many times in past years that scarcely any two similar seasons in different years show identical bird-migration conditions. The season here has been

rather dry, but our vegetation, depending largely on irrigation, has developed about as usual, and the dry conditions do not seem to have affected the bird-migration. This may not be wholly true, since Gambel's Sparrow lingered about Denver no later than May 11, while the Plumbeous Vireo, which is not at all uncommon here each spring, was seen in the neighborhood of Denver but twice, on May 22 and 24. On the other hand, the Chipping Sparrow reached this region on April 20, which is a fair average between the earliest and latest arrival dates in my notes for this species.

There have been many Lazuli Buntings about the nursery ground of U. S. A. General Hospital No. 21 this spring, and their sprightly song and beautiful plumage have lent unusual charm to the bird-life about this institution. The writer has but one record of Richardson's Merlin occurring about Denver during the spring, and this spring adds another, a single bird

having been detected in the outskirts on May 1, a date not very close to the first record (April 19).

The writer found a Mourning Dove's nest on May 30, with newly hatched young, in the 'foot-hills' near Denver, at an altitude of 6,800 feet, which is very early for that date and altitude; this observation may refute the writer's general idea that this season's unusual warmth and dryness had not affected migration. On the same day that this Dove's nest was found, our party had the happy experience of watching, with naked eye and with glass, an enormous Golden Eagle, soaring overhead for several minutes. The bird was once not more than 500 feet above us, and as it sailed about in the varying circles, without a wing quiver, it was the picture of a huge airplane, banking, and rising, and falling. Even our matter-of-fact company were enthusiastic over this rare and yet remarkable sight.—W. H. BERGTOLD, *Denver, Colo.*



Book News and Reviews

A PRACTICAL HANDBOOK OF BRITISH BIRDS. Edited by H. F. WITHERBY. 8vo. Illustrated with colored plates and numerous text figures. In eighteen parts. Part I, pp. i-xvi, 64; March 3, 1919. Part II, pp. 65-128, April 30, 1919. Price 4s. per part.

The present work differs so radically in character from its numerous predecessors that the authors need make no apology for adding another to the already large list of books on British birds. Mr. Witherby secured the coöperation of E. Hartert, A. C. Jackson, C. Oldham, F. C. R. Jourdain and N. F. Ticehurst, each of whom treats of some department with which he is especially familiar, thereby adding greatly to the authoritativeness of the book as a whole.

The book, unlike most other books in its field, abounds in analytical Keys. There are Keys to Orders, Families, Genera, and Species. The Key to Orders is of the illustrated type which was, we believe first used in ornithology in the reviewer's 'Handbook of Birds of Eastern North America,' and which was originated by Ernest Thompson Seton.

The most distinctive and valuable feature of this work is its descriptions of plumages, mainly by the editor, and which, it is said, are "more complete than any hitherto published in a book on British birds."

The sections on 'Breeding Habits' (by Jourdain) are also admirable and contain in condensed form an amount of information for which one generally searches in vain, such, for instance, as the number of days incubation, when begun, whether by one or both sexes, etc.

The paragraphs on migration (Ticehurst) and distribution (Witherby, Ticehurst, Jourdain, Hartert) are also most satisfactory, but we must confess our disappointment with that part of the work relating to general habits and notes. We have, for example, nearly a page and a half devoted to the plumage of the Starling but only five lines on its general habits

and the single word 'loquacity' is the only one referring to its notes. Only nesting haunts are given, while the stereotyped method of treatment employed appears to have prohibited all reference to the bird as a part of animate nature, in short to the sentiment of ornithology. The book, indeed, is eminently practical, but we fear that the authors have been too modest in calling a work which will apparently fill nearly 1,200 pages and cost about \$18, a 'Handbook.' Unquestionably it will long be the standard source of information on the plumages, migrations, and breeding habits of British birds.—F. M. C.

THE OUTDOOR CLUB. By SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR. Philadelphia. *The Sunday-School Times*. 12 mo.

This is the story of how a father led his children to nature. We cannot imagine any child who would not like to have joined his 'Band,' as it was called, but we know, alas, many fathers who, even if they desired, could not make such an admirable band-leader as the one who wrote this little volume. Fortunate, indeed, are the children who so soon and so happily come into possession of this heritage in nature. We especially commend this record of joyous days afield to parents.—F. M. C.

The Ornithological Magazines

THE WILSON BULLETIN.—The March issue (Vol. XXXI, No. 1) contains as its leading article an interesting account of the "Food-Birds of the Smith Sound Eskimos" by W. Elmer Ekblaw. Every species, as a matter of fact, is eaten, the Dovekie being the most important, while only a rather hungry Eskimo will eat an Old-Squaw. The author concludes that were it not for the birds and their eggs, the Eskimo's food-supply would often fail them, and the abundance of birds is one of the most important conditions which make life possible in the Northland.

Harry C. Oberholser describes a new

Red-winged Blackbird from Texas, which he calls *megapotamus*. He finds that examples of *Agelaius phoeniceus richmondi* from northeastern Mexico and central southern Texas differ from typical *richmondi* from farther south in that the females are less brownish, and both sexes are larger.

In 'Migration Records for Kansas Birds,' Bessie Price Douthitt continues a subject begun in the last December issue. The article is really a very briefly annotated list of the birds of the state, while the migration data for the commonest species are obviously very incomplete. It should serve, however, as a good basis for future field-work, and should stimulate other Kansas bird-lovers to record the necessary additions and corrections. We cannot but doubt, for instance, if the Olive-sided Flycatcher is a rare summer resident, when the data given does not even indicate such a possibility.

The usual general notes conclude the issue. The 'European Widgeon in Lake County' (Ohio), by E. A. Doolittle, is as excellent an example of a sight record, which is brightly written and convincing, as we have seen in a long time. If 'opera glass' students and amateur observers could write in the same style it would greatly decrease the troubles of ornithological editors.—L. G.

THE JOURNAL OF THE MUSEUM OF COMPARATIVE OÖLOGY.—The first number of this new Journal was published on March 26 of this year and consists of 35 pages, illustrated. Officially, this is Numbers 1 and 2 of a periodical "intended eventually to be issued as a Quarterly, but now put out as an Annual."

The Museum of Comparative Oölogy, recently established at Santa Barbara, Calif., with Mr. William Leon Dawson as Director, is devoted to the study of the birds of the world, their nests and eggs. It is the purpose of the institution to become the World's Museum of Birds' Eggs, and to devote itself especially to those problems of ornithology on which the eggs, nests, and nesting habits of birds can throw light.

The present issue of the Journal is taken up mainly with notice of the establishment, purposes, and policies of the Museum. As frontispiece, there is a photographic reproduction of the late Rowland Gibson Hazard, who was very much interested in the enterprise of the Museum, and, on a later page, a short memorial notice of Mr. Hazard, especially as regards his connection with the Museum.

In future issues of this Journal we hope to see valuable contributions to our knowledge of those interesting phases of bird-life which surround the egg: all the interesting instincts and habits of nest-building and nidification, on the one hand, development and care of the young, on the other. It is to be regretted that the pagination in this first issue is spelled out at the bottom of each page instead of plainly set forth in figures at the top, as is customary. There seems to be no value in this novel arrangement, which we trust will not be continued.—J. T. N.

Book News

THE California Fish and Game Commission announces that "Compact nature-study libraries will be placed at those Tahoe resorts which are selected for the state of California nature-study field excursions this summer. The libraries will include books on birds, game birds, wild flowers, trees, and kindred objects. Donated to the state by the California Nature Study League, they will be deposited with the Fish and Game Commission to be thus utilized in the Commission's educational work.

"In addition to this library there will be displayed at each resort where lectures and field-trips are given, a large number of colored plates of birds and mammals. Thus vacationists will be able to increase their fund of information regarding wild life by a study of pictures giving full colors, by specimens and by books giving detailed facts."

We commend this admirable plan to the attention of other fish and game commissions.

Bird-Lore

A Bi-Monthly Magazine

Devoted to the Study and Protection of Birds

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AUDUBON SOCIETIES

Edited by FRANK M. CHAPMAN

Contributing Editor, MABEL OSGOOD WRIGHT

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Bird-Lore's Motto:

A Bird in the Bush Is Worth Two in the Hand

IN resuming his editorial duties, the Editor gratefully acknowledges the support which he has received from John T. Nichols during the past eight months of BIRD-LORE's existence. A magazine cannot well be taken on prolonged journeys where mail connections are infrequent and uncertain. Nor can it be left at home unless one can find the proper person to whose care it may be committed. The Audubon Departments fortunately were in hands which long have had them in charge, but there were left the 'body' of the magazine, the 'make-up' of the whole, with such allied matters as the annual index, Christmas Bird Census, 'The Season' (Mr. Rogers, to whom we are so deeply indebted for editorial supervision of these departments, being in service), reviews, editorials, and a correspondence which consumes almost more time than all the others put together. No one, we think, who has examined the last four issues of BIRD-LORE will doubt (the present Editor does not) that Mr. Nichols was the 'proper person' for the job he was kind enough to take upon his shoulders, and we are glad to be able to announce that in the course of post-war adjustments he will remain on BIRD-LORE's staff in charge of 'The Season.' Mr. Nichols will also review 'The Auk,' replacing Dr. Dwight who, after years of service, claims the right of retirement, a claim to which we reluctantly accede.

WE observe that in BIRD-LORE for May-June, our predecessor made some pertinent remarks concerning the vernacular or 'common' names of birds. This is a subject in which BIRD-LORE is especially interested, since it is our custom in this magazine to use (except in certain formal cases) only the common names of North American birds, a custom, we may add, for which we have at times been criticized. We maintain, however, that the 'Check-List' of the American Ornithologists' Union supplies us with a standard nomenclature of common as well as of scientific names. The former, indeed, are far more 'standard' than the latter. BIRD-LORE aims to use these common names consistently and we contend that this custom renders unnecessary and pedantic the employment of the scientific name also, except in those comparatively rare cases (e. g. Coot) where the 'Check-List' name may not be in general use.

IN giving only one common name as well as only one scientific name for each species, the authors of the 'Check-List' were not infrequently obliged to choose from many local names and in other cases they arbitrarily replaced long-standing names with others which, in their opinion, were better fitted for the birds in question.

THE latest edition of the 'Check-List' was published in 1910, and it is not too soon, therefore, to ask to what extent their rulings have influenced popular usage. The reply is that it depends largely whether the name in question applies to a widely known bird or to one familiar only to bird students. A library of 'Check-Lists' will not change a 'Peep' or 'Ox-eye' into a Semipalmated Sandpiper, make the 'Quail' universally Bob-white, or the 'Partridge' a Ruffed Grouse. On the other hand, it is only the older ornithologists who remember that the Myrtle Warbler was the Yellow-rump, the Magnolia, the Black and Yellow, or the Yellow Palm Warbler the Yellow Redpoll. Knowledge of the existence of the last-named birds is, as a rule, acquired only from books and they are consequently known by their book names.

The Audubon Societies

SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

We regret extremely to be obliged to announce that continued ill health has forced Mrs. Walter to resign the editorship of this Department. For nine years her helpful editorials and correlated studies have stimulated and directed the labor of teachers of bird-lore throughout the country. It will be exceedingly difficult to find some one who can adequately fill her place.—ED.

THE STUDY OF BIRD-LIFE IN THE SCHOOLS OF NEW JERSEY

Dr. Robert G. Leavitt, instructor in botany and zoölogy in the State Normal School at Trenton, has prepared a pamphlet for the Department of Public Instruction of the state of New Jersey, which teachers everywhere will find of value.

In an introductory 'Foreword,' Calvin N. Kendall, State Commissioner of Education, writes:

"The study of birds has been recognized for a long time as an important feature of public-school work. Large numbers of teachers are interested in it, and their work has been productive of excellent results. It is said that the number of birds is increasing, and this is largely due to efforts teachers have made to give pupils, particularly boys, a higher appreciation of bird-life. It is not necessary to make any argument for the conservation of birds. It has come to be recognized that many birds are of economic value in the raising of crops. An understanding and observation of birds has come to be widely recognized as a means of pleasure and recreation."

Under the heading 'Why We Should Study Birds in All Elementary Schools,' Dr. Leavitt writes (after a statement of the economic value of birds):

"Outdoor activities are a rich source of high pleasure in life. The child is born with a nature, instincts, tastes, potential interests, which have a deep relation and correspondence to the nature, forms, and processes of the world into which he is born. We have no right to cheat the child out of a fair opportunity to enjoy this world of surrounding influences, from which he is entitled by the fact of his birth to draw comfort, inspiration, happiness. The school that does not lead its boys and girls to enjoy outdoor life, to love the sights and sounds of nature, to take pleasure in mountains, woods, trees, flowers, birds, wild animals, the sky and clouds, the stars, the sea—that school is not the ideal school, however well it may teach arithmetic and English. Enjoyment of nature is to be counted among the great durable satisfactions of life.

We must definitely plan to increase the outdoor activities and interests of American people. Here lies for many the road to more bodily and mental health and happiness.

"A third argument for the introduction of bird-study will be appreciated by teachers. To many teachers the bugbear of school-work, the thing that wears until it either kills or hardens, is discipline. The one disagreeable feature of many an otherwise pleasant position is police duty. And discipline often wears on pupils. Whatever, therefore, conduces to pleasant relations between governor and governed and works to improve the conduct of the school should make a strong appeal to teachers from a purely selfish standpoint if from no other."

'Typical Instances of Successful Bird Study,' and a detailed 'Plan of Action' conclude this suggestive and practical little manual.—F. M. C.

FOR AND FROM ADULT AND YOUNG OBSERVERS

STUDYING BIRDS IN MAINE AND NOVA SCOTIA

By NORMAN LEWIS, (Age 14 Years), Hampden, Me.

In the summer of 1913, at the age of nine, I was visiting at my mother's old home in Halifax. While there I was taken to see the Halifax Museum several times. I was so impressed by it that I decided to start a museum of my own. My aunts were cleaning up the house and in the attic they found ten 'Bogotá skins' of birds from Colombia, South America. My grandfather had given an old sea-captain a pair of elk antlers for them. There was also an Amazon Parrot which he had obtained alive from a sailor whose ship lay in the harbor. After it died he had it well mounted. A Barred Owl and some birds' eggs completed the outfit which they gave to me.

I was crazy over my 'museum,' as I called it, and when I got back to Hampden, Maine, the lady next door gave me a mounted Wilson's Snipe, picked up near Boston.

The only egg that survived the journey was that of a Bob-White, but a friend in Hampden gave me several sets, and I found some left-overs in deserted nests. I never robbed a bird's nest.

The next spring—1914—I started studying birds outdoors. There was no one to help me, so I had to go it alone and without any books for reference.

In early September I was given for a birthday present a copy of Reed's 'Land Birds.' I received it joyfully and began to study birds in dead earnest. That was my only equipment but it settled most of my problems. By the end of the year I had identified fifty species of wild birds in the field.

I did not take the book to the woods with me, for I knew every picture in

it, and whenever I saw a new bird I identified it at once or went home and looked it up at the end of the hike.

Hampden is an old-fashioned place with hundred-year-old elms shading the streets and scattered over the fields and along the stream. The general features about here are open fields and hedges, old orchards and wide meadows.

The stream is lined with open woods and thick underbrush. A mile up the stream is the Intervale, a large meadow with dense shrubbery all around.



A SITTING RUFFED GROUSE.—NOTE THE SPREAD TAIL

Photographed by J. H. Lewis at Kineo, Me.

Here I would go nearly every day for a couple of hours or more. Through our orchard, full of Bluebirds, Robins, Song Sparrows, and Chippies, across the fields, where Flickers, Meadowlarks, and Bobolinks abounded, I entered the woods which were always full of Warblers.

The Intervale trail was packed and worn smooth, mostly by my own feet, and led along the edge of the stream. The stream itself was inhabited by Spotted Sandpipers, Great Blue Herons, Bitterns, and others. At the Intervale I often saw a Duck or Grebe. Hawks hung in the sky, and the bushes about the edge of the meadow were full of the smaller birds.

In those days I was frail and delicate and considered a 2- or 3-mile hike enough for a day and was often tired by it. Last summer I hiked 16½ miles in five hours, although I hadn't gone more than 4 miles when I was caught in a thunderstorm. When I arrived home I was soaked to the skin, but I had a rub-down with a rough towel and got into dry clothes and showed no ill effects afterward. I owe my present health and my First-Class Scout badge to my interest in bird-study that kept me tramping the Intervale trail once or twice a day.

Ernest Thompson Seton's 'Two Little Savages' did more to interest me in wild life than any other book. The Boy Scout 'Handbook,' 'Freckles' and some of Long's and Robert's books were among my first natural history books.

That first year I had a hard time of it, but by working hard and sticking to it I managed to make a start in ornithology. I kept a journal that year, filled with notes on the birds and sketches. Looking over it now I can make many corrections, but it is nevertheless something that I would not part with.

That winter I subscribed for BIRD-LORE and got a copy of Reed's 'Water Birds.' The Educational Leaflets of the Audubon Society, bound into a book, and 'Birds Every Child Should Know' completed my library.

During the winter I did a lot of sketching and made many trips into the snow-covered woods where I found Black-capped Chickadees, Red-breasted Nuthatches, and Golden-crowned Kinglets.

In early March the Crows came north. Toward the last of March, rushing water and brown fields began to take the place of the ice and snow. The hillsides were covered with hundreds of tiny brooks which made walking undesirable. Then the Grackles began to arrive, at first in small flocks and later by the hundreds, to squeak and clatter in the tops of the leafless trees. Robins and Bluebirds appeared in the orchard, pecking away at last year's apples. Song Sparrows tuned up in the alder bushes along the edge of icy brooks. It was a time to be outdoors and on the watch. Some of the arriving migrants were new, and I added them to my list, and many were old friends which I was glad to see again.

I was busy all through the spring, but when August came the mosquitos and flies made the woods unbearable. The woods were also too hot, and few birds were to be seen, so we set out to visit at my uncle's farm near Truro, Nova Scotia.

Our train pulled out of Bangor at 4 o'clock in the morning. I had traveled about a little before, having been born in New Brunswick and lived in Newfoundland and different parts of Nova Scotia and Maine, so it seemed like old times for me to be spinning along over the rails through the gray dawn. Going through New Brunswick in broad daylight I was, of course, at the window. I got a glimpse of a Martin-house on a pole and a male and female in the air about it. That was the only time that I ever saw a Martin.

While traveling along I noticed dozens of old friends among the birds and flowers. I also saw the common mallow and bluebell for the first time.

We arrived at Truro late at night. My uncle, who used to meet us with a horse and carriage was waiting now with a 'Ford.' Reeling off the miles toward the old farm in my uncle's car, we could not see much of the surrounding country, but the chill night air, sweeping over the salt marshes and striking us in the face, the bridges, curves, and a few houses seen by the glare of the headlights were all familiar.

Arriving at the house we entered the kitchen, had a warm drink over the fire, and went off to bed. I was awakened in the morning by the noise of a clattering Kingbird outside the window and in five minutes was downstairs ready for breakfast.

The main road coming across the marshes is dotted here and there by solitary farmhouses. Our driveway turns from the main road and climbs a hill. It is shaded by four massive willow trees on either side of the driveway which gives it the name of 'Willow-bank.'

At the bottom of the hill the marsh grass and swale stretch away on either side, but the hillside on the left contains an orchard that is firm and dry.

The old house on the hilltop is covered with five-fingered ivy, or woodbine. Nearby are the workshop, the horse- and cattle-barns and the henhouse. Above the barns are dry hay- and wheat-fields and beyond them the pasture and blueberry patch.

To the left is the road to the old bone-mill, a hundred yards away. The corner of the woods about the old bone-mill is open, save for patches of laurel bushes, and that spot is the haunt of Flickers and Jays.

The old wood-road runs from there into the woods, and, a few days after my arrival, I decided to explore it. I followed the road for a few miles through the mossy, overgrown timber swamp and caught a baby Junco just out of the nest. I saw a pair of Yellow-bellied Flycatchers, and, after following them about for awhile, I returned home. Nighthawks could be seen everywhere flying high over the burned ground that lay in desolate ruin all about, uttering their strange call-note.

Returning to the farmhouse I saw a Bittern flying up from the marsh. The next day I hunted flowers and the day after I saw a Blackburnian Warbler and a Sparrow Hawk for the first time. The next day I saw a pair of Fox Sparrows and heard the male sing in the damp, mossy woods back of the bone-mill.

On rainy days there was no haying to be done and my father and I would lie in the loft in the big barn and watch the Barn Swallows. It was great fun watching the little ones taking their first flights.

I caught a baby Goldfinch down under the willows and decided to explore farther in that direction.

Across the road the marshland was rimmed with dykes to keep out the tide. A little red-mud creek, fringed by long marsh grass, ran down to the big

red-mud river. This creek came from the cool, clean woods, where it was good drinking-water and had maidenhair berries and wood sorrel along its mossy banks. When it entered the pasture it widened, and brook trout were sometimes found in it. Entering the marsh it came into the red-mud region and from there on it was as bright red as the banks that it flowed through.

The marsh was full of Sparrows that I could not name, and an occasional Duck or two flew over. Discovering muskrat tracks on the margin of the creek about the bridge, I kept on down it to the mouth. Here it widened considerably, and I ran across some Least Sandpipers tracing patterns in the mud not far from me.

After that I explored the marsh every day, finding Bitterns, Herons, Ducks, Sandpipers, and other birds that I could not get close enough to identify. After the day's haying was over, if there was no 'cocking up' by starlight to be done, I would go down to the river and watch the sun set over the marshes. As things were darkening down and the wind was moaning through the tall grass, I could see the Sandpipers and Ducks at home along the river. I watched them as long as there was light and then returned to the cozy fire-side at the farmhouse.

At last, when the time came for us to leave 'Willow-bank,' we got into the 'Ford' and set out. The Barn Swallows circled about us, and I said goodby to them and we left.

We traveled for several hours through the night, and then, as dawn was breaking, we had a race southward with a flock of Ducks.

As we dashed over the St. John bridge, it was low tide below us, and I saw several Sandpipers.

I saw muskrats swimming the ponds and cardinal flowers blooming along the streams. It made me think that in a few hours I would be finding cardinal flowers along my own stream.

Then we saw a white-tailed doe beside the track, gazing calmly at us over her shoulder. I had seen a buck once, about a quarter of a mile from home, along the stream.

The sights became more and more familiar until in the afternoon we arrived home. Then I started off up the stream. The Intervale grass was cut and taken in and fall was beginning to come. I returned to the Intervale every day, checking off arriving and departing migrants.

Those September and October days, with hazy mornings and bright, cool afternoons, were the best time to study birds. Before and after school I made many observations and found many new birds.

Then the red and brown leaves began to fall, the winds were stronger and the days were cooler and soon the birds were scarce. The Juncos and White-throats flew cheerily about the autumn woods, fed at my lunch-counter, and slept in the evergreen hedge just outside the kitchen windows. They, too, left before the snow came and winter set in in dead earnest.

When the year ended, my list had swelled to 100 species, which doubled last year's record.

The next three years were spent in Hampden and few birds were added to the list. I studied and sketched them at all seasons and formed quite an intimate friendship with them.

In the winter of 1917-18 I got the 'Birds of America,' in three volumes, from the 'Nature Lovers' Library,' and I use this for my main guide. The colored plates by Louis Agassiz Fuertes are the most important part of the work. His plates in BIRD-LORE and the 'National Geographic Magazine' have also been a great help. In August, 1918, I got a pair of Reed's nature-study field-glasses, and I always take them to the woods and fields with me.

The discovery of each particular species was a matter worth remembering, but if it were rare it was doubly so. I can well remember the thrill of pleasure that came with the finding for the first time of some particular bird—the Loon, Black Duck, Wood Duck, Golden-eye, Merganser, Bittern, Great Blue Heron, Little Green Heron and Woodcock seen along the stream on different occasions; the Saw-whet-owl in the pine woods; the Snowy Owl chased by Crows about the autumn woods; the Arctic Three-toed Woodpecker found in the burnt woodlands after losing sight of the Owl; the Goshawk in the winter; the Evening Grosbeaks seen in the spring of 1916, and the Rose-breasted Grosbeak this summer.

As I am only fourteen years old now, I may have other opportunities to travel about and study the birds. I hope so.

MY EXPERIENCES WITH BIRDS

I am a member of the Audubon Society and I want to enclose some stories of what I have seen.

The Blue Jay.—I once tied a piece of suet to a tree just outside our dining-room window.

Nothing came for a week, then one day a Blue Jay saw the suet and came again and again until the suet was gone and then continued to come and would stand on the branch and look for the suet. After each meal he would fly from tree to tree, rubbing his bill and uttering his shrill screams of delight.

Experience with a Chipping Sparrow.—Once I was at Camp Dix. On the border of the Camp I saw a little Chipping Sparrow. When I attempted to go near he hopped away a few times, then sat on a stump and let me come very close to him, and give him some food. He picked it up and flew away.

Bird Playmates.—One day while riding my wheel through the woods, I heard a Catbird and a Cardinal and stopped to get a good view of them. Much to my surprise I found that both were young and were hopping around in the bushes having a good time together. They were quite tame so I went very close. The Mother Cardinal was near, keeping watch over her little one.

Woodpecker Tenants.—Just a few yards from our house is a tree with a Woodpecker's nest in it. They have come back to it for the third year now. Each year they find the gray squirrels have used it for the winter and they have quite a fighting time for a few days. Each time the Woodpeckers conquer and the squirrels have to take their young out and find another house. Then the Woodpeckers work at cleaning out and throwing out shells and carry in other stuff for themselves. They come here late in March and leave in October.

I have just finished making two bird-houses and want to make some others.—RUSSELL ELWOOD (age 11 years), *Absecon, N. J.*

THE A. B. C.

As soon as I became a member of the Junior Audubon Club of the Hardie School, Beverly, I made up my mind to form a club of my own so I got four children and formed the A. B. C. (the American Bird Club). We meet Wednesday after school. We have a president, a vice-president and a treasurer. The dues are five cents every two weeks. We buy pictures of birds and give them out at the meetings. At the last meeting a slip of paper with the name of a bird on it was drawn by each member. Each member must be able to tell about that bird at some other meeting. At the meetings the roll is called and reports of all birds seen are given. We plan to go on bird-walks, and we have very pleasant times studying the birds in the Club. I have seen, this spring, Chickadees, Juncos, Blue Jays, Bluebirds, Fox Sparrows, Song Sparrows, Robins, Goldfinches, and Grackles.—EDITH S. HOLDEN (age 12 years), *Beverly, Mass.*

MY BIRD - HOUSE

In the early spring of 1917 I spent a few days of my Easter vacation in erecting some bird-houses in the apple trees behind our house. I took some pains in making two wooden ones and placed them in the choicest crotches of the trees. I also made a hole in a tin can, punched a few small holes in the bottom, smoothed the rough edges, and, with its cover on, nailed it to a limb. Little did I expect any bird would desire this for a home.

When returning again from school, I investigated my bird-houses. To my great joy and surprise I found a partially built bird's nest in the tin can. I did not have to watch long before I saw it was a pair of pretty Bluebirds building there. They would light near the can with a twig or piece of straw in their beaks, then, after glancing around, would enter the can, making some noise while passing into their tin house.

I listened to their singing and watched them much from the ground during the summer, but finally curiosity overcame me, and I climbed the tree again. Taking off the roof of the house, I saw three greenish blue eggs. While I was looking in, one of the birds lit nearby and scolded me in very sweet tones. A

week later I was alarmed to find the Bluebirds squabbling with a pair of intruding House Wrens. The latter were driven off, though, and the Bluebirds were soon able to lead their family proudly into the world.

Immediately on this family's departure, the House Wrens took charge, and I was often charmed by their gushing song. When I investigated their nest, the birds, without seeming fear, attacked me with much chattering. I was surprised at the size of a nest for such small birds. The can was entirely filled with twigs, excepting a deep hollow in the center where lay seven speckled, flesh-colored eggs. These birds also successfully brought up their young. The two Bluebirds and House Wrens returned last spring. This spring I was obliged to move the bird-house while the Bluebirds were building in it. At first they seemed dumfounded, and I feared they might seek a new home, but they soon found the rusty can and seem satisfied with their new situation.—W. THOMPSON, *Fitchburg, Mass.*

THE JUNIOR SONG-BIRD CLUB

Six of us boys have a little bird club named 'Junior Song-Bird Lovers.' We live near the Western Cemetery, where we can see lots of birds. We had the pleasure of seeing a flock of Evening Grosbeaks. In 1916 and 1917 these birds were quite common, but in 1918 we didn't see one of them. In 1919 they came back again.

I am very much interested in the Cedar-bird. I have had several chances to meet this bird. We went to a bird lecture by Charles C. Gorst. I sold eight tickets for it.—GEORGE B. ORR, *Portland, Maine.*

NOTE FROM A YOUNG CONTRIBUTOR

I saw a bird in the garage. That bird was dead. There were caterpillars all over it. It was a Wren. I have seen them very often. They have a nest beside our porch. They have a pretty little song, but they scold when we go near them.—GRISCOM MORGAN (age 7 years), *Englewood, Ohio.*



THE RED-EYED VIREO

By T. GILBERT PEARSON

The National Association of Audubon Societies

EDUCATIONAL LEAFLET NO. 99

Any boy or girl in eastern United States who begins to study wild birds will probably not proceed very far before learning to know the Red-eyed Vireo. To be sure, it is one of our small birds, measuring only about $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches in length, and this fact, together with its rather dull greenish coat and whitish underparts, renders it of unstriking appearance, yet it is very well known. And why? Chiefly because it sings so much. It announces its arrival in spring with such loud notes that many mistake its calls for those of the Robin. For three full months and more it is with us, and every day, from long before sunrise until evening, its simple songs are repeated over and over again. No other bird of our land retains its energy and enthusiasm for song as does the Red-eyed Vireo. Neither the anxieties of the nesting season nor the irritations of the molting days appear in the least to affect its behavior in this regard.



RED-EYED VIREO ON NEST
Photograph by Dr. Frank M. Chapman

No wonder, therefore, the young bird-student soon makes its acquaintance. Even as I write these lines, on a hot afternoon late in June, I can hear the notes of a Vireo coming in through the open window. The bird is out there among the trees of a vacant lot, where the small boys have dug their trenches and are sending forth their volleys of vocal musketry. The savage shouts of



RED-EYED VIREO

Order—PASSERES

Family—VIREONIDÆ

Genus—VIREOSYLVA

Species—OLIVACEA

National Association of Audubon Societies

youth and the song of the Vireo have been going on together now for some weeks, and the authors of all the din apparently have never noticed each other.

The past four years a pair of Vireos has spent the summer in the trees of this vacant lot. One June day I found the nest near the outer end of a white birch limb. The nest could easily be reached by a grown person standing on the ground beneath. It was a beautiful cradle, hung in the fork of two twigs, and was made mainly of strips of bark, dried grasses, and plant fiber. A piece of white string and some scraps of paper decorated the outer sides. It contained four white eggs, lightly spotted around the larger end. From these there emerged in time four little birds that for many days engrossed their mother's attention. After they had flown away I took the nest and placed it on the wall of my study. The next spring, while passing near the place with a little friend of mine, I went over to the limb and showed her the place from which I had cut the twig to take the nest. Just as I took it in my fingers I was surprised and delighted to find a new Vireo nest not more than 12 inches from where the other had been, and in it sat a parent bird, its red eyes plainly visible. In due time this nest also was removed to the study.

The past year I could not find the nest, although the birds were about and the male was heard singing every day. When autumn came, however, and the leaves had fallen, the nest was discovered in another tree a few yards away at a height of at least 20 feet from the ground. Only yesterday I learned that for the fourth time a Vireo's nest has been found in the vacant lot. One of the boys discovered it suspended from a swinging limb just over a path along which commuters hurry every morning for trains. So I went out to look, and found that it held one vigorous young bird that cried most outrageously when I pulled the limb down a few inches in order to remove a dead one whose head hung over the edge.

One of the questions which naturally arises in connection with this record of nests is whether they were all built by the same pair of birds. It would seem that such was probably the case, although there is no possible way of knowing.

In a few weeks now the Vireos will be gone and for more than eight months we shall hear no more of them. Traveling southward, chiefly by night, stopping to rest in groves, orchards, and forests as they proceed, the Vireos journey on, some of them passing downward through western Texas and Mexico to the far-away tropics. Others reach the Gulf of Mexico along the coast of Louisiana, Mississippi, or western Florida, and there, after a brief pause, plunge out across the tumbling waters of the sea and never sight land again for six to eight hundred miles until they reach Yucatan or Central America. Through the interminable jungles of South America they continue their journey until they reach the regions of the equator, many going on southward into southern Brazil.

Here, in the great steaming forests, they remain for some months until the instinct of migration again begins to beat in their veins. Then our little friends turn northward, and those that have survived in due time gain the boundaries

of the United States. A little time passes, and then one spring morning we again hear their cries in the grove about the house. Wilson Flagg once said that the words which the Red-eyed Vireo sings are clearly these: "You see it—you know it—do you hear me? Do you believe it?" Never do I pause to listen to one of these birds without recalling these words, for the music comes in a series of groups of short, clear, questioning calls, and Mr. Flagg's interpretation is perhaps as accurate as any that has been suggested.

How little we know of the courtship of birds! Dr. W. M. Tyler, of Lexington, Mass., writing in *BIRD-LORE* some time ago, related this remarkable experience:

"This afternoon, about 6 o'clock, I saw a pair of Red-eyed Vireos acting in a manner new to me. They were in a small gray birch tree, 12 feet from the ground, and almost over my head. The two birds were very near each other; so near that their bills might have touched, although they did not. The male, or at least the bird who played the active rôle, faced the side of the other bird, so that their bodies were at right angles. The bird, who, from her passive actions, I assumed, but perhaps wrongly, to be the female, sat crouched low on her perch, with the feathers slightly puffed out. But, although in the attitude of a sick bird, she appeared in good health, I thought, and I am certain, that she gave close attention to the strange actions of her companion. The bird I have called the male, and I think it is safe to so consider him, was constantly in motion. He rocked his body, especially his head, from side to side, his bill sweeping over the upper parts of the other bird, never touching her, nor, indeed, coming very near it, for his head was above and a little to one side of her back. In swinging from side to side he moved slowly but with a tenseness suggesting strong emotion. In contrast to the fluffy female, the feathers of the male were drawn closely about him, so that he looked slim and sleek. The neck seemed constricted, giving him a strangled appearance.

"Neither bird opened its beak, but one of them continually uttered, with no suggestion of Vireo phrasing, some faint notes in a thin, almost squeaky tone, nearly as high-pitched as a Kingbird's voice. I thought, when I first heard the notes and stepped aside to identify the bird, that a Goldfinch was singing very softly under his breath. There were the same little trills, and, in between, the same sustained notes, the whole suggestive of the Goldfinch, but very quietly and gently given. It was as if a Goldfinch who had lost much of his power and all of his energy were whispering his song into the ear of his lady-love

"Few birds are so tame when on the nest as is the Vireo. Only this spring I pulled down a twig where a bird was brooding her eggs and actually thumped the bird on her breast with my finger before she would leave, and when I went away she immediately returned to her vigil." Dr. Anne E. Perkins, of Gowanda, N. Y., has written a story about a female Vireo that was so unusually tame that she tried the experiment of feeding it. In her account she says:

"I hastily caught a small, succulent green grasshopper and slowly, cau-

tiously, advanced my hand till the grasshopper was within easy reach of the bird. The male kept up a constant scolding in the top of the apple tree containing the nest, while I stood trying to win his wife's confidence. It seemed many weary minutes that she sat motionless or with a slight suspicion of fear in her little red eye, cowering closer to the eggs. Then, just as my hand ached intolerably and I was about to withdraw it, she made a slow movement of the head towards me—and hastily snatched the grasshopper. I was delighted and praised her audibly for her discrimination and confidence. She devoured several more grasshoppers very readily, once the ice was broken. The male bird all the time seemed anxious and kept up a continual scolding. I made visits once or twice daily thereafter, and she was perfectly fearless about taking food, eagerly accepting small flies and grasshoppers, invariably refusing worms, and showing preference for grasshoppers.

"She would allow me to stroke her, close my hand about her, almost lift her from the eggs, reach under her, etc. Once or twice she left the nest and flew at her mate when he was making demonstrations of fear and distress, knocked him smartly off his perch, snapping her bill and scolding vigorously, then took her place again on the eggs. It was exactly as if she told him that she would not be interfered with and that he could attend to his own affairs."

Mr. E. H. Forbush, who has studied carefully the feeding habits of many birds, says of the Red-eyed Vireo:

"It is one of the most effective enemies of the gipsy and brown-tailed moths. Moths and butterflies of many kinds are eaten; also assassin bugs, tree-hoppers, bugs that eat plants and fruit. Many beetles, among them boring beetles, black beetles, and weevils, grasshoppers, katydids, locusts—all are eaten. This bird at times becomes an expert fly-catcher, taking horse-flies, mosquitos, and other gnats and gall flies. It appears to take a larger proportion of fruit than other Vireos. Blackberries, raspberries, and mulberries are commonly eaten."

He quotes other authorities as stating that the bird eats dogwood berries, sassafras, magnolia, poke-berries, and wild grapes.

The Red-eyed Vireo belongs to the order *Passeres*, perching birds, and to the family *Vireonidæ*, of which there are twenty-five species in North America.



The Audubon Societies

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT

Edited by T. GILBERT PEARSON, Secretary

Address all correspondence, and send all remittances for dues and contributions, to the National Association of Audubon Societies, 1974 Broadway, New York City.
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Any person, club, school or company in sympathy with the objects of this Association may become a member of it, and all are welcome.

Classes of Membership in the National Association of Audubon Societies for the Protection of Wild Birds and Animals:

\$5 annually pays for a Sustaining Membership
\$100 paid at one time constitutes a Life Membership
\$1,000 constitutes a person a Patron
\$5,000 constitutes a person a Founder
\$25,000 constitutes a person a Benefactor

FORM OF BEQUEST:—I do hereby give and bequeath to the National Association of Audubon Societies for the Protection of Wild Birds and Animals (Incorporated), of the City of New York.

REPORT OF JUNIOR AUDUBON CLASSES

With the ending of the world war and the gradual tendency of the country to return to normal, the interest in the organization of Junior Audubon Societies began to increase. Toward the close of the school-year, Junior memberships were pouring into the home office often at the rate of 10,000 a week. To the delight of the office force the mails began to assume somewhat their pre-war appearance.

Another year there should be a very large enrollment, as the calls on the school-children for contributions to the Red Cross, War Savings Stamps, and numerous other activities incident to the war will undoubtedly be less than during the past two years.

Hundreds of letters received from teachers and pupils give evidence of the vast influence that the Junior Audubon Societies are today exerting in the United States and Canada. Scores of communities have been aroused, almost to fever heat, on the subject of constructing and erecting bird-boxes, giving bird-exhibits, bird-programs, or in reporting violations of the game-laws. Many of the Juniors serve as volunteer deputy game-wardens, and are constantly on the lookout for

hunters who illegally shoot birds. In hundreds of local newspapers the progress of the local Junior work has been scheduled and commented upon.

If all the phases of the National Association's activities had to be abandoned but one, it is very probable that the responsible officials would vote to maintain the Junior work as the one most important feature.

The following table shows the number of Junior classes formed and the enrollment of the Junior members:

Summary for Year Ending June 1, 1919

State	Classes	Members
Alabama	14	407
Arizona	2	73
Arkansas	4	254
California	96	3,497
Colorado	70	2,099
Connecticut	486	13,156
Delaware	4	133
District of Columbia	1	39
Florida	14	427
Georgia	12	384
Idaho	26	849
Illinois	259	8,714
Indiana	147	4,576
Iowa	150	4,733
Kansas	48	1,566
Kentucky	21	506
Louisiana	8	171

State	Classes	Members
Maine	76	2,132
Maryland	55	1,903
Massachusetts	455	13,023
Michigan	182	5,008
Minnesota	318	8,517
Mississippi	5	185
Missouri	112	3,259
Montana	37	979
Nebraska	86	2,281
Nevada	8	185
New Hampshire	58	1,620
New Jersey	203	6,325
New Mexico	3	88
New York	017	25,385
North Carolina	16	476
North Dakota	29	759
Ohio	858	21,631
Oklahoma	46	1,421
Oregon	108	3,753
Pennsylvania	515	10,484
Rhode Island	12	410
South Carolina	18	771
South Dakota	31	1,069
Tennessee	9	289
Texas	26	827
Utah	19	416
Vermont	34	1,018
Virginia	28	851
Washington	89	3,214
West Virginia	50	1,564
Wisconsin	151	3,782
Wyoming	10	268
Canada	278	8,251
Totals	6,204	179,794

The generous and unnamed benefactor, who for many years has almost entirely supported this work, has again signified his willingness to contribute \$20,000 for the Junior effort the coming year. The following is the total list of contributors to the Junior Audubon Campaign the past season:

Unnamed Benefactor	\$20,000 00
E. W. Mudge	50 00
Mrs. Denning Duer	20 00
Miss Edith G. Bowdoin	50 00
Mrs. Frederick H. Alms	25 00
Miss Mary Mitchell	50 00
Edward L. Parker	100 00
James H. Barr	100 00
Total	\$20,395 00

Late Spraying Kills Birds

Mrs. S. Louise Patteson, who recently represented the National Association in giving a course of school lectures and other work in Massachusetts, has called attention

to the loss of bird-life caused by late spraying. In her report she says: "I noticed that much spraying was done as late as June, and many birds' nests were drenched, with the result that young birds and adults were found dead about the ground on the farm of the Girls Industrial School at Lancaster, and also at the Lyman School at Westboro."

It is quite evident that this is a matter which should be borne in mind when spraying operations are contemplated. This is the only one of numerous complaints of the poisoning of birds with fruit-tree sprays which has been reported to this office of recent years. If it is deemed wise to punish a man for shooting a song-bird, why should there not be retribution when a man with a spraying hose kills a whole nest full of birds?

A New Jersey Heron Colony

May's Landing is the county-seat of Atlantic County, New Jersey. About 8 miles northwest of this attractive little metropolis is situated the Makepeace Reservoir, which was made by damming a stream, perhaps eight years ago, in order to accumulate water for flooding certain cranberry bogs. The lake thus formed is a mile or more in length and the width in places is probably as great. For the most part it is shallow and many water-lilies and grasses adorn its surface.

On June 1, 1919, the writer, in company with his host, Ira T. B. Smith, of May's Landing, and some of his friends visited the Makepeace Reservoir. In forming the lake a white cedar swamp was inundated and the trees, now long dead, contained on this date a nesting colony of Great Blue Herons. Sixty-six nests, all apparently of this year's construction, were counted. These were collected in three main groups, each within sight of the others. The Herons exhibited proper precaution and departed while the boats were yet several hundred yards away. On many of the nests young were observed, but upon close approach they showed the usual Heron characteristic of crouching down out of sight.



PART OF NESTING COLONY OF GREAT BLUE HERONS, MAKEPEACE RESERVOIR, N. J.
 Photographed by T. Gilbert Pearson



YOUNG GREEN HERONS ON NEST, MAKEPEACE RESERVOIR, N. J.
 Photographed by T. Gilbert Pearson

Five nests of Green Herons and three nests of Purple Grackles also were noted. These were supported by limbs growing out from the trunks of trees only a few feet from the water, while the nests of the Great Blue Herons were situated at a height of from 12 to 40 feet. Among other birds observed on the lake that day were four Black Ducks, ten Wood Ducks, including six young, also numerous White-bellied Swallows that were nesting in holes of dead trees and stumps. One of these examined was found to contain large numbers of Great Blue Heron feathers. Two

Pied-billed Grebes surprised me by calling among the lily-pads.

There exists a general impression in the neighborhood that of recent years Egrets have been breeding in this Heron colony. None were observed, however, and it is altogether probable that the rumor is incorrect, as at this time we have no knowledge of any Egrets in eastern United States breeding north of Carteret County, North Carolina. It is possible that during the summer a few Egrets that have a way of migrating northward at this period may come here to roost with other long-legged members of their tribe.

GOOD WORK OF THE BIOLOGICAL SURVEY

Frequently this office receives from E. W. Nelson, Chief of the Bureau of Biological Survey in Washington, D. C., communications reporting some of the more interesting phases of conservation work in which the Survey is engaged. The following is one of those recently received from Mr. Nelson.

"Dear Mr. Pearson: If you have not already been informed, it will interest you to know that our wardens Pacetti and Farnham managed, in Miami, to capture aigrettes and other plumes in the possession of Willie Willie, a Seminole Indian, who appears to be living in high style in Miami, and also another Miami man. Willie Willie appears to be a man who, according to our information, has probably been making a large income through traffic in plumes for a considerable number of years. The men did a good piece of detective work there and made the first step toward our new work in breaking up the traffic in aigrette feathers in the state.

"It will also please you, no doubt, to learn that Judge Trieber, of Arkansas,

recently fined ten men for violating the regulations covering the Big Lake Bird Preserve and sent three of them to jail, remarking at the same time that if they were brought before him again he would see to it that they were definitely prevented from entering upon the reservation again, implying by this, of course, that he would send them to jail. This information is very satisfactory, and indicates that we are likely to be able to protect that reservation in good shape.

"I was surprised recently to learn that the last legislature of Vermont passed a law which authorizes the state game-warden, with the consent of a certain state board, to purchase lands which have been recommended by the Biological Survey for state game- or bird-preserves. Dr. Field will go to Vermont next week to go over some land with the state game-warden for this purpose. This is encouraging, since it will start the purchase of land in the New England States for state game-preserves, and I hope that other states may follow suit."

New Life Members Enrolled from October 19, 1918, to July 1, 1919

Bordon, John
Brodhead, Charles Ding-
man.
Clark, Miss Elizabeth L.
Coope, Mrs. Bertha
Cory, Daniel W.
Driver, Raymond E.

Fauntleroy, Miss Juliet
Faux, William J.
Ford, Lee M.
Garnsey, LeRoy
Godfrey, Mrs. A. E.
Gordon, Mrs. Mackenzie
McGregor, R. C.

Mellon, Mr. and Mrs. F. P.
Nevins, Mrs. Harriette F.
Pitney, Robert Henry
Prentice, Miss Clare
Smith, Miss Eunice Cole
Sprague, Mrs. Isaac
Sprague, Shaw

New Sustaining Members Enrolled from January 1, 1919 to July 1, 1919

- Abbott, Mrs. B. St. L.
 Abbott, Henry W.
 Achelis, Margaret
 Agnew, Donald
 Albrecht, Henry C.
 Aldis, Mrs. A.
 Allen, Frances P.
 Allen, Rev. Frederick B.
 Allen, Dr. J. A.
 Allender, Miss Irma
 Andrews, J. H.
 Angert, Eugene H.
 Anson, Hon. Wm. Alfred
 Arnold, Reuben R.
 Atkinson, Mrs. E. W.
 Auchincloss, Mrs. E. S., Jr.
 Babcock, Mrs. C. H.
 Bacon, N. T.
 Badger, Mrs. Walter I.
 Bailey, Mrs. Florence M.
 Baird, Alvin U.
 Baker, Benjamin H.
 Baker, Mrs. J. A.
 Baker, John T.
 Ball, Ansell H.
 Bancroft, Rev. and Mrs. Jas.
 Barclay, Mrs. Wm. Orr
 Barnes, Mrs. A. C.
 Barnes, H. B.
 Barnett, David P.
 Barrows, Mrs. Geo. S.
 Bartlett, Mrs. Mary N.
 Barton, Bolling
 Bayne, Misses
 Bekins, Mrs. John
 Bentley, Mrs. Cyrus
 Berges, Jacob
 Bessey, Mrs. Constance C.
 Bigelow, Mrs. Jos. S.
 Blake, Col. E. M.
 Bloch, Bernard
 Block, John B.
 Book, R. D., M.D.
 Bott, Mrs. Fred J.
 Bourneuf, F. Raymond
 Bradley, Mrs. M. W.
 Braman, Chester A., Jr.
 Brawner, Miss Maybelle F.
 Bray, Russell S.
 Brewster, Dr. Matthew
 Bristol, B. B.
 Bristol, Mrs. B. B.
 Brooks, Ernest, Jr.
 Brooks, William B.
 Brown, Mrs. James P.
 Brown, James W.
 Bruening, E. H.
 Buch, Miss Emily
 Buckstaff, Geo.
 Burgess, Mrs. T. P.
 Butler, Elmer T.
 Butler, Mrs. Wm. A.
 Cameron, Mrs. C. E.
 Campbell, Miss H. S.
 Canandaigua Bird Club
 Canatt, Mrs. E. B.
 Carlisle, George L., Jr.
 Carlton, Mrs. Newcomb
 Carter, Miss Helen L.
 Chamberlin, Mrs. W. B.
 Chapman, H. A.
 Chappell, F. H.
 Chase, Mrs. A. W.
 Cheney, O. H.
 Childs, Helen P.
 Chisholm, George H.
 Clinton, Mrs. Arthur
 Clothier, Mrs. Walter
 Clymer, W. B. Shubrick
 Codman, Mrs. Ogden
 Cocon, Mr. and Mrs. J. H.
 Collins, Mrs. Henry H., Jr.
 Community Bird Club
 Coolidge, John T., Jr.
 Coolidge, Thornton L.
 Corning, Mrs. John J.
 Cram, Mrs. C. H.
 Crawfordsville Audubon and
 Nature Study Club
 Cross, W. Redmond
 Cummings, Edward
 Cunningham, Miss H. A.
 Curtis, Mrs. G. S., Jr.
 Curtis, Mrs. M. M.
 Cushing, Grafton D.
 Danforth, Mrs. Richard E.
 Danielson, Mrs. Richard
 Darrow, Gen. W. N. P.
 Darrow, Mrs. W. N. P.
 Davis, Edward E.
 Davison, G. C.
 de Lorenzi, Miss Susie
 Denel, Mrs. W. F.
 Denison, Mrs. Charles
 Denny, Mrs. Arthur B.
 Dexter, Miss Alice S.
 Dickason, Livingston T.
 Dill, Mrs. Charles G.
 Disney, Dwight R.
 Dittman, Mrs. Geo. W.
 Dodge, Mrs. Randolph
 Doscher, Charles
 Drago, N. F.
 Drake, Durant
 Drayton, Judson
 Drosten, Mrs. Frederick W.
 Drummond, Mrs. C. C.
 Dumaresq, Mr. and Mrs. H.
 Dunn, Mrs. Myra
 Eaton, Miss Eleanor B.
 Eggleston, Julius W.
 Elbricht, Mrs. R. E.
 Elkins, Mrs. Stephen B.
 Ellegood, R. E.
 Ellis, Mrs. Wm. S.
 Emerson, Charles Plummer
 Emlen, Miss Susan T.
 English, Mrs. Lewis H.
 Estey, Harold, Jr.
 Ewing, Mrs. Thomas
 Falconer, J. W.
 Farley, Mrs. J. N.
 Farrel, Franklin, 3d.
 Faxon, Mrs. Frank A.
 Feely, Ambrose
 Fernald, Mrs. Leily B. T.
 Field, Thomas G.
 Field, Mrs. Marshall, 3d.
 Flint, Mrs. Joseph Marshall
 Forbes, Mrs. Wm. H.
 Forrest, Mrs. George D.
 Foster, Mrs. A. C.
 Foster, Mrs. James N.
 Foster, Walter R.
 Fowler, Mrs. John
 Franklin, Mrs. M. L.
 Fulton, William E.
 Gamble, James L.
 Gary, Mrs. J. W.
 Gath, John
 Genung, Alfred V. C., Jr.
 Gibbon, John
 Gilbert, Mrs. W. T.
 Goodman, Mrs. E. H.
 Graves, Mrs. Charles B.
 Gray, Ellen W.
 Greystone Park Bird Club
 Griswold, S. A.
 Guggenheim, Mrs. S. R.
 Hall, Willis E.
 Hallenberg, A. L.
 Hallowell, Hannah
 Halstead, Mrs. Robert
 Hambleton, Mrs. Frank S.
 Hamilton Bird Protection
 Society (The)
 Harbeck, Dorothy D.
 Hare, Mrs. Meredith
 Hausmann, T. L.
 Hazard, Miss Caroline
 Heck, George C.
 Hersch, Mrs. W. A.
 Hess, V. E.
 Hightower, J. D.
 Hinchman, Mrs. C. S.
 Hirschhorn, Mrs. Fred
 Hoge, Frances L.
 Holmes, R. C.
 Hood College Bird Club
 Hoppin, Mrs. W. A.
 Howard, Mrs. Clarence H.
 Howard, Mrs. Ethan H.
 Howe, Morgan R.
 Hoyt, Edwin
 Hoyt, John S.
 Hudson, H. K.
 Hull, Mrs. Baker
 Hunt, Dr. Annie W.
 Hunt, Mrs. Wm. D.

- Huntington, Mrs. Francis C.
 Irwin, Theodore
 Jackson, Crawford
 Jackson, Mrs. Percy
 Jackson, Mrs. R. B.
 James, Mrs. Julian
 Jarecki, R. K.
 Johnson, Edw. H.
 Johnson, Mrs. Lawrence
 Johnston, Mrs. D. V. R.
 Johnstone, Margaret A.
 Jonas, Mrs. A. F.
 Jung, Charles R.
 Kaufman, D. J.
 Kelley, William V.
 Kemmerer, M. S.
 Keyes, Mrs. Charles W.
 Kimball, H. Earle
 Kinsella, Mrs. A. L.
 Kleinhaus, Mrs. Gedwig
 Knight, Miss Edith
 Knoblauch, Mrs. A.
 Knudson, Augusta M.
 Koehler, Hugo A.
 Kohl, Mrs. C. E.
 Kohler, Miss Veronica M.
 Kriekhaus, Elles W.
 Lackner, Miss Louise
 Lange, Edward L.
 Lansing, Mrs. Charles A.
 Lawler, Mrs. T. B.
 Leavenworth, Geo. H.
 Leeds, Norman
 Lehmann, Mrs. F. W.
 Leonard, Mrs. F. E.
 Lewis, Mrs. Thomas H.
 Lichter, J. J.
 Ligget, Mrs. Mary L.
 Lihme, Mrs. C. Bai
 Lindley, Mrs. Allen L.
 Lippincott, Arthur H.
 Lockwood, Mrs. George R.
 Lockwood, Miss Mary E.
 Lockwood, M. E.
 Lorsch, Mrs. Arthur
 Loughran, Mrs. M. F.
 Loveland, Charles N., Jr.
 Lowell, Mrs. A. Lawrence
 Luedtke, Capt. Gustav H.
 McConnell, Mrs. J. F.
 McConnell, Mrs. Marion E.
 McCord, George L.
 McKinlay, Mrs. D. A.
 McMahon, Mrs. John B.
 Mather, Stephen T.
 Matlack, Bennett K.
 Matthies, Katharine
 Meinhard, Morton H.
 Mickle, A. D.
 Migel, Elsie P.
 Milliken, Mrs. G. H.
 Minford, Mrs. L. W.
 Minich, Mrs. Katharine C.
 Mitchell, O. L.
 Moody, Mrs. Samuel
 Moore, Mrs. H. McK.
 Morehead, J. M.
 Morris, Mrs. George K.
 Murphey, Mrs. Jenny S.
 Murphy, Mrs. Eugene B.
 Nesbit, Scott
 Neugass, Mrs. Edwin
 Newark Bait and Fly
 Casting Club
 Newborg, M.
 Newell, Mrs. E. A.
 Newell, John M.
 Newton, Mrs. F. Maurice
 Nichols, Mrs. Acosta
 Nichols, Mrs. Geo.
 Niedringhaus, Miss M.
 Norris, Mrs. Richard
 Norton, Charles W.
 Ochs, Adolph
 Olds, W. B.
 Ormsby, Mrs. O. S.
 Orr, James A.
 Ortman, Mrs. Randolph
 Osborne, Mrs. H. S.
 Paddock, Mrs. H. L.
 Parrish, James C.
 Payson, Herbert
 Peck, Mrs. Wallace F.
 Pell, Walden
 Perkins, Mrs. Geo. W.
 Perry, Margaret
 Phelps, Edward J.
 Pierce, Mrs. E. B.
 Plummer, Henry M.
 Porter, Willard H., Jr.
 Pulsifer, Mrs. N. T.
 Pyfer, Fred S.
 Reed, Earl H., Jr.
 Reutter, Mrs. L.
 Rhoades, Mrs. Lyman
 Rhoades, Miss N.
 Richardson, Charles F.
 Riley, Mrs. James W.
 Roberts, Miss Fanny E.
 Robinson, Mrs. Douglas
 Robinson, Henry J.
 Rockefeller, William A.
 Rockwell, Mrs. G. F.
 Rogers, Mrs. Charles F.
 Rogers, Mrs. Geo. S.
 Rollins, Ashton
 Root, Mrs. A. K.
 Rothbarth, Albert
 Rowland, Edmund
 Sackett, Mrs. Charles A.
 St. Ormond, S. M.
 Saltonstall, Philip L.
 Sanborn, Wm. R.
 Sandford, Mrs. Lisa W.
 Savery, Thomas H., 3d.
 Schear, E. W. E.
 Schlesinger, Mrs. Mary
 Scoville, Herbert
 Scranton Bird Club
 Sears, Mrs. Francis B., Jr.
 Seymour, Edmund
 Shrigley, Miss Ethel Austin
 Shumway, Franklin P.
 Silsbee, Mrs. Geo. S.
 Sloan, Mrs. Samuel
 Smyth, Miss Sarah A.
 Snow, E. G.
 Snow, Mrs. Fred K. A.
 Sommerhoff, F. A. E.
 Spalding, Dora
 Spear, L. H.
 Stevens, Mrs. F. W.
 Stoddard, Miss M. F.
 Stone, Miss Bessie P.
 Stone, Harry B., Jr.
 Stowell, Ellery C.
 Stranahan, Henry
 Strong, Edward
 Summey, D. L.
 Swain, Frederick
 Swenson, F. A.
 Taft, Miss Mary F.
 Tag, Albert
 Taylor, H. A.
 Tglaner, Arnold
 Thomas, Mrs. Samuel H.
 Thorndike, Richard K.
 Thursby, Miss Emma C.
 Tuckerman, Mrs. B., Jr.
 Utter, Henry E.
 Vanderveer, John H.
 Van Rensselaer, Cortlandt S.
 Vaughan, Ira
 Waldo, Joan
 Waldo, Natalie
 Walker, Mrs. Albert H.
 Walls, Mrs. Frank X.
 Ward, Mrs. G. C.
 Ware, Mrs. A. L.
 Ware, Miss Harriet
 Warren, Mrs. Charles H.
 Watson, Mrs. C. N.
 Weber, Adolph
 Weiseman, T. Walter
 West Chester Bird Club
 West Virginia Bird Club
 Whitcomb, Mrs. Howard
 Whitehouse, Mrs. F. M.
 Whitney, Mrs. Payne
 Wicker, John D.
 Wilkinson, Mrs. Henry L.
 Williams, Mrs. Charles A.
 Williams, Hugh W.
 White, Mrs. J. William
 Williams, Richard E.
 Wilson, Mrs. A. A.
 Wilson, Miss Mabel
 Wolff, Mrs. Otto, Jr.
 Woman's Club of Carrollton
 Ziesing, August
 Zinsmeister, Mrs. Elsie A.

THE GEORGIA PREACHER AND THE JAY

The *Tampa Tribune* for June 10, 1919, contained the following item from Sandersville, Ga.:

"W. W. Wray, pastor of the Baptist Church here, created a mild sensation at his morning services yesterday when he stopped in the midst of his sermon, obtained a shotgun, and killed a Jaybird that had been flying around the auditorium and singing while the services were in progress.

"Mr. Wray announced, before the congregation sang a hymn, that he would kill the bird if it sang again. The moment the

congregation stopped singing, the Jay began. The preacher immediately stopped the services, went to his home near the church, got his gun, returned to the church, and took his stand in the center of the building. He fired once, the bird tumbled to the floor, and services were resumed after the powder and smoke had cleared away."

It may be noted in this article there is no word of condemnation of the action of this Georgia minister of the Gospel in shooting a wild bird.

BIRD-BOX CONTEST IN NEW ORLEANS

New Orleans has had its first bird-box building contest. It was brought about largely through the efforts of the *New Orleans Item*, one of the city's daily papers. Hundreds of boxes were submitted and later were erected on private grounds and in the city parks.

M. L. Alexander, head of the State Department of Conservation, has written most enthusiastically regarding the great amount of interest which the contest aroused. He feels that work of this char-

acter will bear much fruit in the way of Louisiana bird-protection.

Prizes were awarded for the "best general construction," "best Martin-house," "best single-room house," "best Wren-house," "most originality," "best rustic house," "best economy house," "best pole-box house," "best bark house," "best cool house," "best Pigeon-house," "best three-story house," "best bird-cottage," "best Chickadee-house," and "best bird-house built by a girl."

INTERFERENCE WITH FEDERAL COÖPERATION

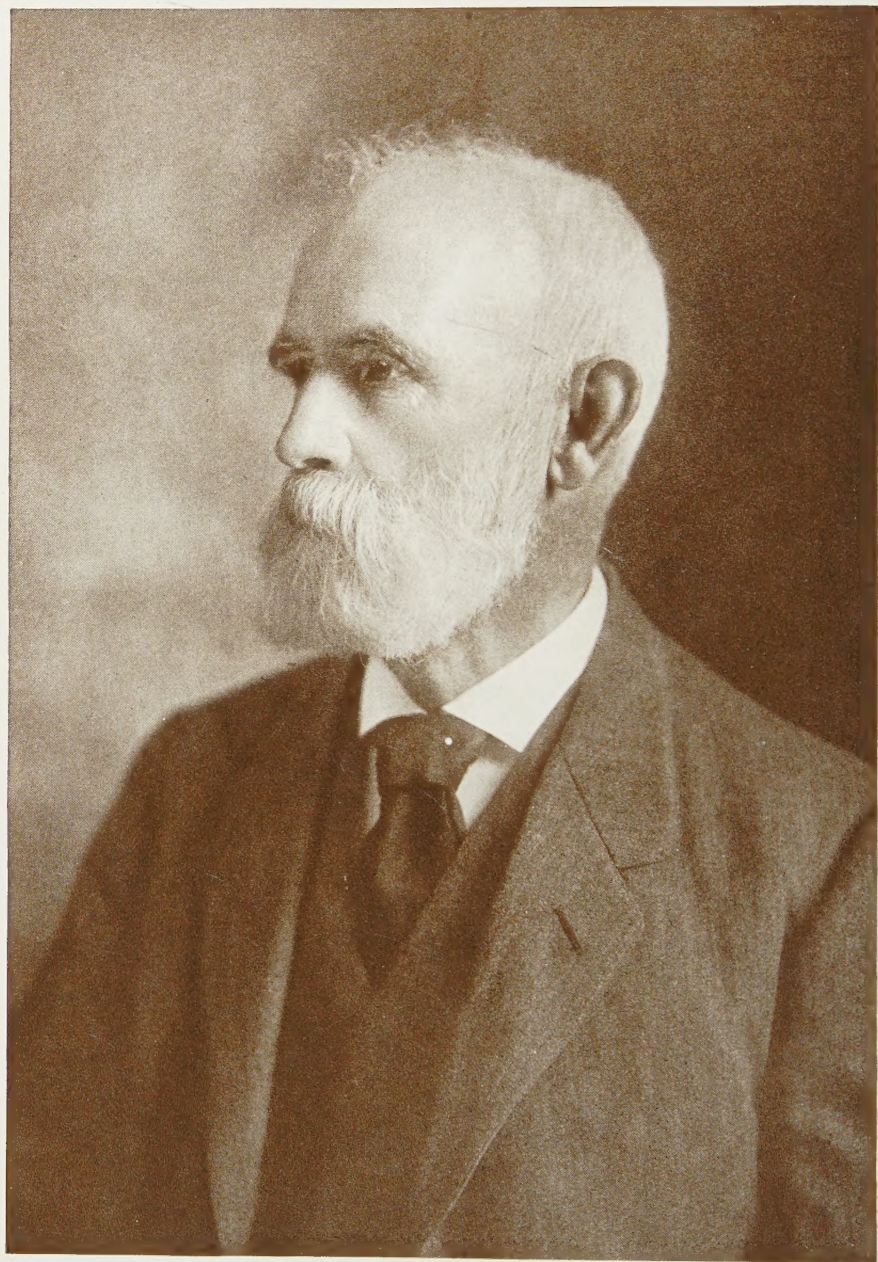
A new Federal law went into effect July 1, 1919, by the terms of which no Federal employee receiving salary from the Government may accept any additional compensation from individuals or corporations. This puts an end to the co-operation between the National Association and the Biological Survey, in reference to the joint employment of wardens on Government bird-reservations.

The Association has always taken great interest in these Government bird sanctuaries, and, in fact, the officers and directors of the Association were largely, if not wholly, responsible for the establishment of the Government bird-reservation system which is in operation today.

From the day the first reservation was

established, March 14, 1903, the Audubon Societies have provided some wardens for their protection. For the first six years all wardens guarding the reservations were employed by the Audubon Societies. At the end of that time Government appropriations began to be available for the purpose. These funds, though totally inadequate, have been increased through the years, with the result that the proportion of the expense which the Association has borne has become much less than formerly.

On the first of July the Association ceased paying any of these wardens, and the three patrol boats which we have heretofore maintained have been turned over to the Biological Survey. Audubon Wardens of course continue to serve.



William Brewster

December, 1916.